The New REPUBLIC

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Housing

An article by LEWIS MUMFORD
on *The Chance for Civilized Housing*
and an EDITORIAL on *Housing—*
One Way to Prosperity

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A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

IN DECLINING to accede to Mahatma Gandhi's conditions for a cessation of passive resistance, the British government has assumed the responsibility for continuing the struggle against Indian nationalism for an indefinite and probably bitter future. The October Round Table Conference now seems doomed to failure. The chief demand was for a government responsible only to the people of India, with a right to secede at any time from the British Empire. This sounds extreme, but it was essentially a demand for a gesture of British good faith, on which a genuine dominion government might be built. Britain would not want it understood that she holds any of the self-governing dominions against its will. The belief that she desired to do so would make cordial relations with any of them impossible. Indians are profoundly suspicious of the British government's intentions, and a declaration of this sort is essential to allay the suspicions which stand in the way of a free discussion of the Indian problem. In the present situation it is the intangible considerations which are important, and what is wanted is an act of faith on the part of Britain, rather than too detailed a consideration of the future type of Indian government.

OTHER stipulations of the Indian Nationalists were subordinate to the main conditions. They demanded not only full economic control, but control of the defense forces. This is an essential corollary of "the substance of independence," since British command of an army in India is incompatible with self-government. British claims and concessions which seem to the Indians unjust, including the Indian public debt, the Nationalists wanted to refer to an independent tribunal. This is essentially an appeal to arbitration, to which it would be difficult to object. Political prisoners not found guilty of violence they wanted released, their confiscated property restored and any fines paid refunded. Village officers who have resigned and were dismissed on account of passive resistance they wanted reinstated. All special ordinances were to be repealed. The Viceroy's reply dismissed the conditions as "impossible" and of no value to the peace movement. He was willing only to withdraw the restrictive ordinances if the Nationalist campaign were called off, but would not guarantee the release of political prisoners. This is not even an offer to restore the status which existed when the non-coöperation movement started, and indicates the complete failure of the authorities to make any concessions.

IT WAS premature to express the hope, as The New Republic did last week, that the leaders of the A. F. of L. were coming around to state insurance against unemployment. A pronouncement subsequently issued by President William Green, presumably on the basis of a decision by the executive council, repeats the hoary arguments against this measure which the leaders of the Federation have learned at the feet of non-union employers—such as the members of the National Industrial Conference Board. Mr. Green says the workers would rather have jobs than unemployment compensation. True enough, but how are they going to get jobs? Does he really suppose that individual employers

can by planning put an end, within the life of this generation, to industrial depressions or the other great risks of employment? To proceed on this faith reveals an extreme of economic naïveté. Mr. Green recommends insurance against seasonal joblessness, by agreement between unions and employers. But what about the 90 percent of the workers who are still unorganized? And where, within the Federation, are such plans in operation? All Mr. Green's words deploring unemployment cannot conceal the fact that in rejecting public unemployment insurance he is condemning millions of workers either to private charity or to starvation.

IN THE debate between Great Britain and France over the proposal for a general federation of European states, the British seem to have won their point. There will not be a European Federal Union distinct from the League of Nations and possessing its own Council, its own Assembly, its own permanent secretariat. There may not, for years to come, be any sort of federation or tariff union including all the twenty-seven nations of Europe. The whole question is to be referred to the League Assembly, where it will be debated by all the members—those from Asia and the Americas as well as those from Europe. The British policy of careful progress toward a limited objective seems to have triumphed. And yet the British have not, as was feared adopted purely obstructive tactics. They too have signed a declaration that "close collaboration of European governments in all international activities is of capital importance for the maintenance of peace throughout the world." The logic and the economics of the situation demand some sort of union in Europe, and it begins to seem possible that the difficulties in its path will sooner or later be surmounted.

THE low thunder now audible in Washington is the sound of government officials professing their "silent contempt" for the charges of Major Maurice Campbell, former prohibition administrator of New York. Major Campbell, in a widely syndicated series of articles, has accused both Wet and Dry politicians of hypocrisy toward prohibition. He has charged that prominent Wets, including Representative La Guardia, have insisted on the appointment of their own supporters as officials directing the enforcement of the law which they detest. He has charged that prominents Drys, among them Vice President Curtis, have used their political influence to obtain permits for firms suspected of selling alcohol to bootleggers. He has charged, moreover—in describing an interview at which a witness was present—that Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, explicitly ordered him to withdraw his agents from the New York breweries. "The trouble is," he quotes Lowman as saying, "you've got it too dry in New York. The people up there on these hot days have their tongues hanging out of their parched throats and a little beer won't hurt them." Major Campbell's specific charges may be right or wrong: of that we are not qualified to judge. It is safe to say, however, that they agree with the public impression of the enforcement situation; and they are so definite and textual that they deserve something more than a "silent contempt" which, by hostile observers, might be called a "tacit admission."

IT WOULD be fantastic at any time for a justice of a state supreme court to disappear without a trace. But when this happens, as it has in New York, at a time when the judiciary is under investigation for corruption, and in the case of a man who is known to have associations with a magistrate against whom serious charges are made, the mystery becomes important as well as tantalizing. Nothing definite is known against Judge Crater, who dropped out of sight in August. His legal reputation has always been good. But he belonged to the same political club as Magistrate Ewald, against whom Attorney General Ward is now proceeding on the suspicion that he paid for his office. It is believed that Judge Crater at least knew something about the case. Did he disappear to avoid embarrassment? Or was he the victim of violence by others because he knew too much? Questions like this must at all costs be answered. And if the state judiciary is to retain any confidence, the existing inquiries must be broadened to cover the higher courts. The longer Governor Roosevelt hesitates to initiate a thorough probe, the more vulnerable he will be to a charge like that broadcast by the Republicans—that he is recreant to his public duty because of the necessity of retaining a friendly Tammany to support his political ambitions.

APPOINTMENT of a new governor of the Federal Reserve Board is a matter which concerns the people of the whole nation as few appointments do. This institution is as nearly a central bank as we have. Its credit policies, in so far as they are given effect by the Reserve Banks, not only determine general banking policy in the United States, but even have a considerable influence on the policies of other nations. Federal Reserve policy during the past few years has been the center of vigorous attack, on the one hand by those who believed that it should have restricted credit earlier and thus helped to forestall the inflation of the stock market, and on the other by those who believed that it should not have attempted to restrict credit as much as it did. It is known that for a time the New York bank was at odds with the Federal Reserve Board on this issue, wishing to take more vigorous measures than were actually adopted. What, then, is the significance of the resignation of Governor Roy A. Young and the selection of Eugene Meyer, Jr.? Perhaps it will never be known. We know only that Mr. Meyer is a conservative, a friend of Mr. Mellon, a former associate of powerful New York bankers. He headed the War Finance Corporation, and was for

some time chairman of the Federal Farm Loan Board. We assume that he will be guided by the sort of policy conservative private bankers like. This sort of policy may be better than that favored at any moment by the get-rich-quick element of the speculative community. But if questions arise which require fundamental consideration on broad social grounds, or if the interest of the strong banking groups should happen to be at odds with another interest—that of agriculture, for instance—Mr. Meyer's leanings might prove to be less desirable.

WHEN the National Security League falls out with the National Civic Federation, heresy has indeed touched high places. Who could have suspected that our little White Pope, Ralph Easley of the Civic Federation, might have to excommunicate as a Red Mr. S. Stanwood Menken of the Security League? Yet that is just what Mr. Easley will be compelled to do if he lives up to his principles, for Mr. Menken, on returning from Europe, has come out for recognition of Russia. And since Mr. Easley has not hesitated to anathematize Messrs. Ivy Lee, Paul Cravath and other prominent capitalistic gentlemen for the same cause, his unwavering orthodoxy should not fail him here. Mr. Menken made to reporters the fatal admission that he had heard Russia was planning great things and that the leaders of Russia were as able as any others in Europe. "We have been hiding our head in the sand," he is reported as saying. Was the "we" editorial? At any rate, for such high heresy as this a special punishment should be prepared by Mr. Easly. While Mr. Matthew Woll gathers the faggots, Mr. Easley should tie Mr. Menken firmly to the stake and purify him by fire.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has been banned from France for obtaining and publishing documents relating to the tentative secret naval understanding between France and Great Britain, which was killed by public opinion as soon as it became known. We suggest that some other enterprising journalist search for a secret understanding between Mr. Hearst and the French government. For the action of France could have been conceived only by idiots, unless its purpose was to provide Mr. Hearst with a sorely needed rehabilitation in the opinion of Englishmen and Americans. From the point of view of anyone who values his own country, peace, open diplomacy or journalistic enterprise, the action for which Mr. Hearst was expelled must command respect. The fact that he is punished for obtaining an important piece of news makes him, moreover, a symbol of freedom of the press victimized by sinister powers, and enlists on his side any journalist who takes his profession seriously. We disapprove so heartily of many of Mr. Hearst's journalistic practices and enterprises that we dislike to see him acquire the prestige of a martyr in any cause, and especially so in the cause of publishing news which happens to be true.

Housing—One Way to Prosperity

WHEN people talk about prosperity or depression, they often mean widely different things. Economists thinking in statistical terms, and imbued with the theory of the business cycle, mean a continual oscillation of industrial conditions, whose peaks and valleys are sometimes precipitous, but are sometimes merely a gentle rolling of the passing industrial scene. In this realm of thought, 1927 saw a depression, as did 1924, though neither slump was comparable in depth to those of 1921 or 1929, and both occurred in a period generally called prosperous. In popular discussion, depression usually means long continued or profound hard times, while prosperity means something like the period of soaring production which was enjoyed under Coolidge. This distinction is important to remember when economists talk about a coming business revival. There is almost certain to be a revival sometime within the next year which can be traced in the statistics, but it is far from certain that this revival will bring anything like a return to our recent prosperity. It might be merely a temporary and barely noticeable upward jog in a long period of hard times such as was suffered in the seventies of the last century.

What makes economists dubious about the prompt return of prosperity in the popular sense is their analysis of the special conditions which seem to have surrounded such periods in the past. Between 1923 and 1929, for instance, business was stimulated chiefly by three forces—the rapid expansion of the great automobile industry, the building boom and the growth of exports financed by loans abroad. It is difficult to believe that any of these same forces will repeat its performance during the next few years. There is little more room for automobile production to expand, now that everybody who can afford a car seems to have as much of a car or as many cars as he can afford. Building is stopped because the supply of structures has considerably overreached the effective demand. And, with confused and depressed conditions abroad, it is going to be difficult to extend foreign loaning rapidly.

The administration's attempt to encourage construction by governments, public utilities and industry has probably had some effect in absorbing the shock of depression, but it has been far from sufficient to fill the gap. Total building contracts awarded in the thirty-seven states east of the Rockies, as compiled by F. W. Dodge Corporation, were valued at $2,638,400,000 in the first half of 1930, against $3,031,800,000 in the first half of 1929. Public works and public utilities increased over 1929, as did educational and miscellaneous construction, while industrial and commercial construction fell somewhat. By far the largest part of our

construction work, however, has always been the building of houses and apartments, and this has been drastically reduced. The falling away in residential building between the first half of 1929 and the first half of 1930 was from $1,103,300,000 to $579,400,000. In other words, this type of building has been cut almost in half.

If some way could be found to increase housing activity, there would be a better chance for the return of prosperity. There is, therefore, a large economic significance in the sort of idea advanced by Mr. Lewis Mumford's article in this issue of The New Republic. The slump in house building is not a mere temporary matter, due to the passing influences of the general depression. Though it was rendered more severe by the tightness of money and the shortage of mortgage credit which existed last fall, and though the widespread reduction of incomes has affected it, the basic fact is that there is a market surplus of residence space. Vacancies are common; we are suffering from what is commonly called "overbuilding." The War shortage has been more than made up. But this surplus is not absolute. Though we have more housing than can be absorbed at the present prices by people with their present incomes, there is by no means a surplus of sufficiently good housing available for persons of moderate or low incomes, at prices which they can afford to pay. Socially speaking, there is still a large shortage of housing. The trouble with housing is its quality, its price, its poor distribution. Can the social shortage be converted into an economic one?

The speculative real-estate and building industries have been unable to turn out good enough housing at a low enough price to satisfy the potential market, as automobile manufacturers have done. Their planning is poor, their financing is expensive, their production methods are antiquated. The way of the home builder or purchaser is beset with confusion, disappointment and unnecessary expense. The provision of halfway decent housing is still a luxury industry, fitted only to supply the wants of the richer fraction of the population—and not too fit for that. Only drastic reorganization of these related industries can satisfy that large part of the market still provided with inadequate homes.

A nation which has so long failed to respond to the social opportunity pointed out by Mr. Mumford might be brought to see the economic opportunity which is now linked with it. A sufficiently radical housing program might revive one of our most important industries, and, in the course of time, help to create real prosperity. Shelter, food and clothing are the three basic necessities of civilized man. If capitalist society can prosper by providing for the wants of the population, it surely may do so by developing a popular supply of, and demand for, halfway decent housing. In the face of this obvious need, hopes for the growth of new industries supplying new wants—such as aviation or television—are trivial indeed.

The Argentine Revolution

THERE is doubtless more in the recent political changes in the Argentine than meets the eye in the cabled press reports. Pending further facts and more impartial analysis, even those best informed about Argentine political conditions will hesitate to advance detailed interpretation. It seems safe, however, to venture the broad statement that President Irigoyen and his personal system of government were never adequate for the tasks of statesmanship in so modern a society, and that it has taken the recent hard times to make his failings manifest and bring about a violent change.

It is hard enough, even in the light of his thirty-five years in politics, to find a satisfactory explanation of Irigoyen's hold on the masses of the Argentine. Hugo Wast, a brilliant Argentine writer, admitted his perplexity at the Irigoyen political phenomenon. The best explanation he could offer was a widespread belief, amounting to a folk tradition, that the man was a friend of the people. Added to this was the fact that he had good vote-getting lieutenants and that nothing succeeds like success. Irigoyen was largely a legendary character, and he did no little to live up to this role. A man who never wrote a book or made a speech, who had no clearly stated platform, whose followers went under the designation of "personalists," whose eccentricities of conduct both in and out of official life amounted almost to madness, who wanted to take the street car to his inauguration, who would deny himself to delegations of statesmen and business leaders while conversing for hours with simple folk on private matters, who held up for months the payment and even the validation of current accounts against the government, who refused to fill the most important foreign diplomatic posts—such a figure defies easy generalizations.

In the middle nineties he came to the leadership of the then recently formed Radical party, and in 1916 he rode into power as president for a six-year term. The only outstanding fact about that term of office was that he kept the Argentine out of the War against an almost unanimous public opinion and the formally expressed wish of both houses of Congress. When he came up for reëlection in 1928, after a six-year interval out of office, he swept the country. The Argentine was at that moment enjoying great prosperity. The country had gone back to the gold standard the year before, and gold was flowing into it as a result of the high prices of large agricultural exports. Everyone was now convinced of the wisdom of his wartime policy. The Argentine had enjoyed the prosperity of the War period without suffering any of its burdens. Moreover, the Conservatives and the propertied classes had largely swung their support to Irigoyen, realizing they could not elect their own candidate and believing that, while Irigoyen was an eminently popular leader, he was in reality a very safe radical.

By the end of 1928 the peak of prosperity had been passed. Gold was beginning to flow out of the country and proceeds from foreign loans had fallen off. In New York, 1929 was not a good year for foreign loans, and besides Irigoyen had declared himself hostile to their contraction, although he finally resorted to them. As the Argentine has not an elastic currency, heavy exports of gold mean a reduction of the amount of currency in circulation. For every peso of gold exported, a peso bill disappears. To prevent further contraction of the currency and bank credit at a time when easy money was needed for financing crops, President Irigoyen decided to close the Conversion Office on December 16, 1929. A sharp fall in Argentine exchange naturally followed. This development and the fact that exports during the first five months of 1930 were 40 percent less in volume and 34 percent less in value than in the corresponding period of 1929 are the most significant data on the present economic situation. One of the conclusions to be drawn is that the Argentine should have had a strong central bank of issue to provide an elastic currency during such a period. The Argentine has the fifth largest gold reserve in the world and a ratio of gold to notes of over 70 percent, or about the same as that of our Reserve Bank. It had not developed the necessary financial machinery, however, to use its gold reserve or to meet an exceptional and unfavorable financial situation, such as that created by present world economic conditions.

Of course, Argentine public opinion blames much of its economic adversity on the American tariff. The Argentine is a heavy importer of American goods and has to pay large amounts in interest and dividends to American investors, while it finds itself unable to sell much more than a third as much in goods to the United States. Most of the anti-American sentiment would undoubtedly disappear in twenty-four hours, were the Argentine able to sell as much to the United States as it buys from us.

It is already optimistically proclaimed by many that Irigoyen's fall means the end of personal dictatorships in the Argentine. It is perhaps safer to say that the revolution marks the end of a personal dictator who was inadequate to the needs of the present economic situation.

The new government is, in effect, a military committee, and is largely representative of the conservative or propertied classes. It is well to remember, however, that in the elections of March, 1930, Irigoyen increased his delegation in the House of Representatives from 87 to 106, while the Conservatives suffered a reduction from 33 to 26, and the Socialists raised their representation from 8 to 17. Between the Conservatives and the Radicals the differences are largely matters of personality rather than political issues. The Socialists are by no means dangerously radical: they merely favor a very liberal program of social reforms.

If the elections held by the provisional government are fair, it is to be expected that they will show marked gains for the Socialists. A dominantly Conservative government seems possible only through a coalition including the elements that made up the Irigoyen following, and such a coalition would doubtless find it necessary to adopt a liberal social program. Such a government is certainly to be preferred to an arbitrary dictatorship of a Conservative oligarchy, gaining and holding control by forcible means. Public opinion and the political power of a nearly 100-percent white (and nearly 50-percent urban) population, make the establishment of a dictatorship on the order of many others in South America seem a highly dangerous undertaking. Considering the good sense of the propertied classes in the Argentine, and the liberal tendencies of their many intellectual members, such a venture may not even be attempted. The problems of state pressing for a prompt solution are too many and important for narrowly partisan or personal politics.

Argriculture as a World Problem

DURING the last fortnight of August, a conference of unusual importance took place at Cornell University. On the hill at Ithaca, overlooking "Cayuga's waters" of which undergraduates sing, there gathered a group of agricultural economists from all parts of the world to discuss the problems with which farmers everywhere are faced. Three hundred men, representing thirteen countries, participated in the discussion and contributed expert information to the common fund of knowledge. While these men were not in agreement on all points, and, in fact, disagreed violently on some fundamental questions, out of their discussion there emerged a picture of the world-wide situation which can be set down in general terms:

(1) Agriculture is depressed throughout the world, with the possible exception of Russia, where conditions are so special that ordinary economic principles hardly apply. The depression is, however, more serious in some countries than in others, the United States being among those which are most gravely affected.

(2) Agricultural economics cannot be separated from economic life in general. The farmer prospers or suffers in accordance with changing conditions in finance and commerce as a whole, including many matters which seemingly have nothing to do with him. This is particularly true when foodstuffs are exported. The farmer can send his goods abroad only when other commodities are being imported in amounts which are roughly equivalent in value. As to many important items, he must compete with the whole wide world on price, including regions where land or labor costs, or both, are far below the level in the United States, for instance. He may also

face the competition of organized "dumping" under governmental subsidy, such as might come from Russia under the necessity of establishing credits abroad for other purposes, and such as has been proposed by farmers' representatives in the United States.

(3) Is there real overproduction of agricultural commodities? As to this the delegates were in disagreement. Some of them insisted that there is none, and has been none in recent years, with the exception of wheat, and that only over brief periods of time. It is clear that with half of mankind on desperately short rations, there is no overproduction if we consider the world's total needs and its total supply. In so far as there is a glut in certain regions at certain times, it is due to faulty distribution. These faults, however, may take generations to eradicate, and in the meantime, curtailment of production may be advisable to prevent economic collapse. The discussion among the economists showed how tremendously difficult any scheme for curtailment must be.

(4) One of the most interesting and hotly disputed points in the conference was whether the present depression is due to an enhancement in the price of gold, rather than a surplus of agricultural production. Messrs. R. R. Enfield, of the British Ministry of Agriculture, E. H. M. Lloyd of the Empire Marketing Board and Professor G. F. Warren of Cornell University all expounded the view that fluctuations in the price of gold are the main factors in causing agricultural distress or prosperity. According to their view, when gold is depreciating, prices rise and the farmer prospers; and the opposite is true when for any reason the price of that metal rises. Those who argued against this view, including Dr. E. G. Nourse of the Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., cited developments in the post-war history of the United States which seemed to indicate that this theory is too simple to account for the facts.

It was particularly interesting to see the attitude of the American agricultural economists toward the Federal Farm Board. On the whole, it may be described as one of suspended judgment. Few of the men present at the conference felt that the efforts of the Board thus far deserve to be called successful, and some of the speakers entertained little hope that the main policies of the agricultural marketing act can be successfully executed. There was no lack of support for coöperative marketing, which was buttressed by the description of some highly successful coöperative systems abroad, and notably that in Finland, which was described by Dr. K. T. Jutila, a delegate from that country. It was generally recognized, however, that farmers' coöperatives in the United States constitute a special problem, and that it is difficult if not impossible to restrict production by coöperation.

One of the interesting groups present at the conference was that sent by the U. S. S. R. Its members painted a glowing picture of Russian agriculture today, reporting important progress in recent months in the development of collectivized farms and the reconstruction of Russian agriculture in general. Russia was also responsible for the conference's nearest approach to an "incident," when some of the foreign delegates protested against what they described as the imprisonment of Professor Kondratieff, a well known Russian agricultural economist, for making public agricultural statistics unsatisfactory to the government. The Russian delegates professed themselves entirely ignorant of this affair, and the matter was passed over.

This year's conference was the second ever held. The first took place one year ago at Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon, England, the home of Mr. L. K. Elmhirst. It was an unofficial affair attended by about fifty persons. It was so successful that the decision was made to meet this year at Cornell. Before the conference ended, it was decided to meet again within three years, at a place yet to be decided, but probably in some European country. A formal organization was also created, with Mr. Elmhirst as president, Professor Warren as first vice president, Dr. Max Sering of Germany, head of the Deutsches Forschungsinstitut für Agrar-und Siedlungswesen, as second vice president, and Mr. J. R. Currie of England as secretary-treasurer.

This conference revealed clearly the need of international action in regard to agriculture. Crops are produced and distributed on a world-wide basis, yet there is no efficient world-wide machinery for prompt collection and dissemination of the information which is so necessary if agriculture is ever to be anything other than a gamble in which the cards are heavily stacked against the farmer. The science of agricultural economics is a new one; in its most important aspects it is a post-war development. Important data are being developed in some countries which are not yet available to others; data which are perhaps more important are not being gathered at all. The creation of a world-wide institute, perhaps at Geneva under the ægis of the League of Nations, is the logical end toward which such conferences as those at Totnes and Ithaca seem to more than one observer to be pointed.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Chance for Civilized Housing

PRESIDENT HOOVER has called together a committee to consider the present status of "home building and home ownership." The presence of various able men on the committee gives one a little hope that the White House conference on the subject, which will take place at the end of September, will face some of the real problems that now confront our country, in common with the rest of Western civilization. But one must not be too sanguine. One remembers the platitudes and pious exhortations and feeble commitments and misdirected efforts that have attended so many housing conferences in the past, and one wonders how critically and candidly the conference will face the facts. Will the committee shuffle the cards for a fresh deal, or are the cards already neatly stacked? Will the conference lead to an apology or to a vital inquiry? Will it admit the gross and disastrous failures in housing that now confront us, or will it merely predict a cheap and rosy success?

What are the conditions that a conference on housing must face? What further investigations remain to be done, and what considerations must underlie a sound social policy? Without presuming to guide the preparatory committee's activities, let us at least attempt to clear our own heads.

The first fact we must confront is that the period of "prosperity" from 1922 to 1929 marks a steady decline in the quality of housing in the United States.

During the War, a new start had been made in the business of housing the industrial population of the country. Stimulated by the developments of War housing in England particularly, faced by the fact that private enterprise had neither the initiative nor the incentive to embark upon a comprehensive policy of industrial housing, the War Housing Board and the Housing Department of the United States Shipping Board set out to fill a pressing need for new quarters. Instead of letting out vast masses of jerry-building to the local contractors of Bridgeport and Camden and other industrial centers, these boards called together the best city planners and architects available and commissioned them to plan, not simply houses, but whole communities.

Even in the pressure and haste of the War period, the results of this policy were astonishingly good. Except for the scattered initiative of a few industrial corporations, this was the first time that anything like expert technical direction and architectural imagination had ever been applied to the cheaper sort of domestic dwelling in the United States. Buckman Village near Camden and the Black Rock development at Bridgeport are perhaps the outstanding examples of intelligent planning and design that this effort brought forth; but even relatively less adequate developments showed plainly enough that the major faults in our housing in the past were due, not so much to the necessary cheapness of the house, but to the speculative builder's demand for exorbitant profits, and to the general lack of any effort to consider the individual house as an organic part of the community.

Building cheap houses, some of the War housing planners presently discovered, was not chiefly a matter of reducing the cost of the external shell: that, at best, was only 20 or 25 percent of the total cost, and to cut this in half would still only reduce the cost of the house by 10 percent. A good layout required the economic planning of all the municipal utilities, sewers and sewer connections and water mains and paved streets, which enter into the final cost of the house. Improvements in house design were, therefore, dependent upon improvements in community design. The ordinary American city squandered in wasteful paving, in excessively wide residential streets, in extravagantly planned public utilities, moneys that should have gone into parks and gardens and playgrounds. The isolated, self-sufficient house was, except in the open country, a myth. Housing and community planning were integrally related: in order to lower the costs or improve the design of the individual unit, it was necessary to economize on the whole of which it was a part. Once the community became the unit of housing, with the benefits of coördinated design, standardized production, large-scale operation, an entirely superior order of housing became possible.

The end of the War abruptly brought these fruitful experiments to a close in America. A few of the architects and city planners who were engaged on them returned to private practice to work out in greater detail the theory and practice of group housing: one need only mention Mr. John Nolen and his associates in Mariemont and Messrs. Stein, Wright, Ackerman and Kohn in Sunnyside and Radburn; but the movement, as a movement, came to an end. The knowledge that had been experimentally acquired was discarded; the report of the housing section of the Shipping Board was not even published. In the orgy of house-building and home-ownership promotion that broke out in the United States in the boom period, our standards of housing abruptly fell. They became, not merely lower than the fine communal housing that we had established during the War; they were lower, on the whole, than the jerry-building of the preceding period.

A realistic inquiry into "home building and home ownership" would have, I think, to fix the responsibility for the debacle. The committee would have

to inquire into the part played by loan institutions in making possible this debauch, through blind and unintelligent lending; it would investigate the way in which municipalities have permitted the subdivision and sale of land without adequate utilities—thus temporarily concealing the eventual costs of the isolated house; likewise the way in which these municipalities have permitted dangerous or short lived forms of construction and unhygienic designs. It would even have to investigate the part played by the Department of Commerce in the Own Your Own Home campaign—an abortive movement that was undertaken, obviously, without inquiring whether such ownership met the needs of the greater part of the industrial population, whether it was desirable, whether it was possible, and whether the "cheap" house purchased by the small middle-class or working-class owner was actually what he thought it was, or whether the eventual costs and burdens for municipal improvements and internal repairs were not conspicuously absent in the original estimate.

Mr. Henry Wright, our foremost authority on the subject, has made extensive cost analyses of housing, and he has shown that the individual free-standing house has become a luxury for the greater part of the population. What we actually achieve in the shoddy industrial suburbs of Long Island City, Brooklyn, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, is only a hollow counterfeit, so badly built that the houses will require complete renovation before the last instalment has been paid off; and often, as in Long Island City, with very genuine fire hazards and health hazards. He has shown, too, that the cheap free-standing house is cheap only until it must bear its share for the necessary municipal services and improvements; at which point it must either bear a greater share of the expense than it can stand, or throw the burden back upon the high-rental districts of the city, thus fostering their further congestion. In spite of all these disabilities, our banks and other loan institutions continue to finance individual speculators, builders or private owners who wish to put up such "homes."

The alternative to such low-grade building, below every standard of honesty and technical decency, is group housing and community planning; for only by this means can we escape the waste of small-scale operations, the waste of the partial use of streets through sporadic spotting of houses, the waste of subdividing and selling land long before it is actively needed by the growth of the community and all the other wastes that go with our absurd habit of using the most exact engineering techniques to increase the confusion and disorder of an unplanned, chaotic development. Our present system has no economic justification; it is not even good business: far from it. Why should we continue it? Why should we deceive ourselves into thinking that these wretched slums we are creating are emblems of individual initiative or the pledge of a fine domestic life? The dreary streets, the paved backyards cluttered with garages, the absence of sufficient play space, the daily toll of children's lives from automobile accidents, to say nothing of the cramped quarters only accidentally oriented to sunlight and the leaky walls—these products of "individual initiative" have only to be compared with the intelligent planning of a Black Rock or a Sunnyside to be shown for what they are: a disgrace to our civilization. They fall below a standard that has already been achieved—a standard that will become widespread only when we recognize all the factors that make for good housing in our present age, and take the necessary economic steps to obtain them.

A conference that desires to get to the bottom of the problem of "home building and home ownership" would have these developments of the last fifteen years very firmly in mind. It would not, I suggest, have any preliminary prejudices as to the "sacredness" of the individual free-standing house: so far from this being an immemorial institution, it happens, as I have pointed out in The Architectural Record, to be a very direct by-product of the Romantic movement, and in urban communities it is not more than a hundred years old! The conference would be ready to face the fact, toward which various investigations now point, that a higher type of house can be created in row units or in apartments than can be conceived of at the same price level in separate units. Such an inquiry would also recognize the fact that the margin for economic building is so close that it is impossible to build workers' houses at a substantial profit without scamping miserably upon the essential fixtures of the house and its environment: it would be ready to face the alternative of obtaining sufficient amounts of capital from public loans, municipal and federal, as in Europe, if private capital can no longer be induced to enter the field at favorable terms, except to promote slums. It would recognize that the lack of technical progress in the building trades must be overcome: that this involves standardization, the exploration of new processes and materials, and the adaptation of house design to the actual domestic functions to be performed, with no futile desire to imitate a Colonial or a Tudor house by machine methods; and it would see that to achieve these economies, without a loss of human and esthetic values, it will be necessary to bring into housing the highest technical and architectural talents the country possesses. Standardization in housing, without group design and related gardens and open spaces, is another name for the bleak monotony of Astoria and West Philadelphia.

While the general outlines of policy alone come within the province of a conference, one might also picture some of the detailed investigations that would follow. What sort of corporation can best hold large parcels of land and develop them as a unit? By what means can the rehousing of the unskilled worker be achieved, other than by moving

up into vacated quarters? How can financial support be combined with intelligent community planning and architectural control? What is the relation of land increment, the cost of money, the cost of assembling separate parcels of land, the cost of labor, the cost of municipal utilities, to the final costs of housing? What is their relative importance and how can any particular item be lowered? How far will group housing and community building be aided by industrial decentralization and regional planning? How far are they helped or hindered by the automatic growth of big cities?

Once these questions were candidly put, with no attempt to put an embargo on the facts because they happened to conflict with the current prejudices of real-estate speculators, bankers or even housing reformers, the real work of a housing commission might properly begin. The final program would have two main objectives: one would be the elimination of all sub-standard housing in the United States. The other would be the provision of technical and financial means for building new communities, in which the individual house unit would economically make use of all our modern technical facilities and would embody the best contemporary ideals of domesticity, hygiene and education, with plenty of sunlight, fresh air, play space, economical housekeeping and opportunity for safe movement. Such a program would afford work during more than a temporary period of depression. For by any civilized standard our depression in housing has been a permanent one; and it is only by an equally enduring effort that we shall lift it.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

What Overthrew Leguia

The Responsibility of American Bankers for Peruvian Evils

THE OVERTHROW of the Leguia regime in Peru on August 25 by an almost bloodless military coup d'état is not only a dramatic political occurrence but a highly significant economic event. It raises the question whether international finance has been following a course which merits approval on broad grounds of social policy.

"Down with graft and inefficiency in the government!" appears to have been the war cry of the movement which forced President Leguia to resign. Financial housecleaning and honest, efficient administration are the program of the new government. This stress on economic issues is explained by the effects on Peru of the present world-wide depression and by the fact that ex-President Leguia had made prosperity the chief plank in his platform. It would seem that he who claims credit for prosperity must shoulder the blame for hard times.

President Leguia took more pride in his economic policies than in any other phase of his administration. His Peruvian followers and foreign admirers never tired of extolling his financial genius. If borrowing and spending are proofs of such genius, the eulogies were well merited. Fifteen of the sixteen major foreign loans contracted since the default of 1875 and the ensuing collapse of Peruvian credit were made by President Leguia, either during his first term, 1908-1912, or during his last incumbency, October, 1919—August, 1930.

His major policy was quite simply to spend as much and as rapidly as the combined resources of taxation and public credit would allow. His was not a system of harsh measures, but of unsound attempts to make the country happy by lavish public expenditures. When he took office in 1919, the budget was about £p5,000,000. It has been raised progressively until, in 1930, it stands at £p14,000,000, which the government is now finding it impossible to collect. Three months after he took charge, or on December 31, 1919, the public debt, expressed in dollars, was about as follows: foreign debt, $12,000,000; internal debt, $27,000,000; total debt, just under $40,000,000. By June 30, 1929, President Leguia had raised the foreign debt to $116,000,000, the internal debt to $30,000,000, and the total debt to roughly $146,000,000.

No corresponding expansion can be noted in the nation's wealth or income, which are best reflected in the total value of exports, most of Peru's commercially significant production and income being connected with exports. Taking the figures for 1919 as 100, we find that in 1928 government revenues were 194; ordinary government expenditures, 240; the public debt, 383; the value of exports, 117; bank deposits, 123; freight carried on railways, 114. 1928 was the best year but one since 1919, for all these items. An analysis of the export figures reveals an even darker picture of the relative growth of Peruvian tax-bearing capacity. In 1919 the value of petroleum and copper exports was £p8,000,000, that of sugar, cotton and wool was £p16,500,000, and total exports amounted to £p26,000,000. In 1928 the value of the mineral group had risen to £p17,000,000 and that of the agricultural group had fallen to £p10,000,000, out of an export total of £p31,000,000. Agricultural exports are the main source of taxable income and wealth for Peru, since interest and profits on mining production remain largely abroad.

Larger budgets and heavier taxation necessarily mean a higher cost of living. As production has

not kept pace with public spending, a lower standard of living has inevitably resulted for the masses. Matches selling for ten cents a dozen boxes in this country cost forty-eight cents a dozen boxes in Peru. A gallon of gasoline costs forty to forty-five cents in a country which produces it for export at world prices around fifteen cents a gallon. Even such a lowly food staple as lard, which has to be imported in large quantities, pays a duty about equivalent to the price of lard in the United States, making the cost to Peruvians more than double that to Americans. Inasmuch as agricultural laborers are paid from forty to fifty cents and city workers about a dollar a day, it is evident these prices impose a pitifully low standard of living on the masses, even if we assume that there is no unemployment.

President Leguia's justification for the increased taxation and public debt was his program of public works, consisting of railways, highways, sanitary works, irrigation and land-reclamation projects and sundry public buildings. For a debt increase of $106,000,000, between December 31, 1919, and June 30, 1929, he can point to about $66,000,000 spent on new public works. All expenditures for these, whether from revenues or loans, are included in this approximate total. These public-work expenditures, for two reasons, may not fairly be set off against a corresponding amount of debt increase: First, owing to graft and inefficiency the amounts spent have averaged more than twice the fair cost of the works. Second, with a few exceptions, such as one of the two toll roads from Lima to Callao, none of these works is capable of earning its upkeep and capital charges.

Most of them, including all the railways, are not productive in the sense that capital investments of a private enterprise must be productive if the concern is to remain solvent. It may be freely granted that all of them, at their fair cost, represent expenditures which are socially desirable and productive of human welfare. It still remains, however, an open question whether the Peruvian people can afford them. What is good for a man and what he can afford are not usually the same thing. Concrete boulevards through unpopulated suburban areas, or even in regions sparsely settled by the very poor, may ornament the Peruvian capital and make many people happy, especially the contractors who built them and the motorists who use them. Just how they lower the cost of living for people who must walk or ride in the street cars, or how they facilitate the production of the only goods with which Peru can pay her foreign debts, is another question.

Of course, the idea of building public works in Peru did not originate with President Leguia nor will it die with him. It was the notion that they justified an enormous increase in the public debt which he made a major policy. Peru, like every other state, must go on building some new public works every year to keep the state's plant at par with growing social needs and to offset wear, tear and obsolescence. Perpetually recurring expenditures should obviously be met as they recur, and out of revenues. This, however, was not the policy of President Leguia, who is an optimist with large ideas about the potentialities of his country and people. He had probably believed with entire sincerity that his building program, however costly, would be worth its price to Peru, and that future generations would be able and willing to bear the debt burdens he had laid upon them. His optimism was shared, of course, by the bankers, contractors and friends who profited from his borrowing and spending.

President Leguia could hardly have ignored the fact that his children and many of his relatives and friends were receiving millions of dollars as commissions and profits on the foreign loans and public-works contracts. At times commissions to his son and friends were paid directly by American firms. His children also participated heavily in the profits of state monopolies, and especially in the concession to exploit public gambling houses all over the republic, an evil which he had to legalize by amending the constitutional prohibition of licensed gambling.

It is only fair to say that Leguia did not seem to be personally on the make. He enjoyed being President because, as he once told an American, he got a "great kick out of it." It was his most cherished form of self-expression. Love of power and personal vanity, not love of lucre, were his dominating motives. This is evidenced by the busts and life-size statues of himself he had erected in nearly every hamlet of the republic, and by the gold medals and testimonials he had presented to himself by public officials. He doubtless loved his country in his way and believed that in the glory of his personal achievements, many of which were creditable, the sordid peculations of his family and friends would be lost to sight. So far as American opinion, largely molded by immediate commercial interests, is concerned, such a belief was well founded. Peruvian tax payers now seem to be less indulgent.

In its operation the Leguia system of borrowing and spending recalls the cablegram from Monte Carlo: "System working fine; send more money." Most of the Leguia period was brightened by the general world prosperity which kept the prices of Peruvian exports high. For this fundamental prosperity President Leguia was as little responsible as he is now for the depression. For a less healthy type of prosperity he deserves full credit. The injection into Peru of millions of dollars of gold exchange from the Leguia loans gave an artificial stimulation to internal trade, especially in luxuries, and to excessive suburban real-estate developments around Lima. Spending huge sums of borrowed money never fails to produce an inflationary boom or a subsequent deflationary boomerang.

Since the crash last October, further borrowing has been out of the question, with Peruvian bonds selling from fifteen to thirty points off their issue

price. The golden stream from New York has dried up. The fall in the price of cotton, sugar and copper is undoubtedly reducing the nation's income by more than a fourth. Meanwhile debt payments abroad have not diminished, nor have the costs of government become lighter for the tax bearer. Moral issues aside, Peru cannot now afford President Leguia.

The problem of the new government is largely one of taxation and foreign exchange. The government must make the people cut down their consumption of goods and their savings in the amount required, first, to run the government as it has to be run, and second, to buy with Peruvian currency in an open exchange market the quantity of dollars needed to pay its debts abroad.

From 1897 to 1914 Peru was on the gold standard. Since 1914 it has not been on the gold standard for a moment. In this respect, it is in a small and unhappy company today. From April, 1928, to November, 1929, the Reserve Bank pegged the Peruvian pound at $4 (par being $4.86). The monthly instalments of borrowed money from New York ended the following month. Since November, pegging has been abandoned and the pound has been allowed to seek lower levels. It has now reached about $3.20. A new currency law last February devalued the currency, making the national unit a gold sol worth $.40 instead of the former unit, a pound consisting of ten soles, each worth $.486. The gold standard, however, could not be established and the new legal valuation was a fiction from the day the law was passed. The exchange situation is now affected by the low and still falling prices of Peruvian exports, the impracticability of currency and bank-credit deflation in Peru without serious dangers, the difficulty of reducing foreign payments and, finally, small imports of foreign capital and considerable exports of Peruvian capital as a result of anxiety about the general situation.

It is fairly certain that no Peruvian government will repudiate its obligations, legally contracted, and equally certain that any Peruvian government will do its utmost to meet its foreign obligations, realizing the unhappy consequences of a default.

In this connection, it might be recalled that during the period of heavy railway building which coincided with the guano boom, the foreign debt of Peru increased from $41,796,000 in 1869 to $171,000,000 in 1872. The subsequent events were as follows:

> 1875. Complete default on foreign debt because of fiscal incapacity and unsalability of excessive nitrate production.
>
> 1879. War with Chile. Peru defeated and deprived of most of her nitrate resources.
>
> 1890. Debt and interest arrears, $267,300,000. All claims canceled under a settlement by which the bondholders were given a long lease of the railways, which were ceded to them outright in 1928. In view of the subsequent value of this settlement, it is fair to say that it represented less than ten cents on the dollar of canceled principal amounting to about $150,000,000.

While President Leguia's bankers are not to blame for the world depression or its effects on Peru, they are jointly responsible with him for the extravagant expenditures of the past ten years and the piling up of a hundred-odd million dollars of largely unproductive debt during the years of abnormal prosperity, when strong governments like our own were reducing the public debt. Without the bankers, President Leguia could not have obtained the necessary foreign funds. To borrow and spend heavily in the fat years of plenty and to stop borrowing, to try to pay off debts, and to cut down public-works expenditures in the midst of general economic depression when unemployment normally runs highest: this seems to be the policy encouraged by certain international bankers for certain economically weak South American countries, including notably Peru and Colombia. In fairness to the bankers it should be said that they doubtless did not think out the policy as stated when they were making the big loans to these countries. The statement, however, is historically correct. Bankers might well do a little thinking before financing the initiation of spending programs clearly beyond the visible taxation and credit resources of the borrowers. If a special public-works program cannot be financed to a successful conclusion, it should not be started.

Social policy demands a fiduciary relationship, not a mere seller-buyer relationship, between international banker and borrowing government, as well as between banker and bond buyer. Bankers who direct the flow of the people's savings into productive enterprises or into the hands of politicians for public expenditures should be held to the exercise of due diligence—first, to ensure against overborrowing by states and cities; and, second, to require as conditions precedent for public loans a soundly balanced budget and a currency on the gold standard, without which no government can reasonably be expected to meet any considerable foreign obligations over a long period. Neither condition was required or met in connection with recent Peruvian loan issues. Countries of bad credit records might also be required to show that the money lent was being honestly and productively employed.

Capital that goes abroad to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before serves the country where invested and the country whence it comes. Capital that goes abroad to enable a dictator to spend two dollars where he should spend only one imposes an unfair burden on future generations. It runs special risks and disserves the larger interests, commercial as well as social, of the country whence it came. The writer has heard these and similar views expressed by conservative men of affairs in various South American countries. They deplored, but were powerless to check, the ex-

travagance of dictators and irresponsible politicians, facilitated with American investment funds. The general situation in South America today challenges those who guide the flow of American investment capital to prove its social utility to these countries as a factor of sound economic progress. South America calls for the happy union of investment capital with management and enterprise for the creation of enduring social values.

LAWRENCE DENNIS.

Communist Factions and Leadership

The Final Article in Mr. Hardman's Series, "Communism in America"

THEORETICALLY, the Communist party is one and indivisible. In practice, it is torn by a most violent factionalism. Under the party's by-laws, a free discussion of controversial matters is permitted for sixty days before a party convention is held, and at all other times "orders is orders," and standing party decisions are the inviolable law to all. In reality, however, there is neither freedom of discussion in the sixty days nor loyalty to decisions afterwards. The records of the party convention held in July of this year report that all factions and factionalism have been liquidated. But similar triumphant declarations have followed all preceding conventions. Factionalism is seemingly ever recurrent in the Communist party. The mechanical rigidity of the party's technique for dealing with controversy and dissenting opinion makes for violence, acrimony and dishonesty in discussion and for internal dissensions, known to no other movement, save perhaps medieval religious schisms. Factions in Communism do not aim to achieve a compromise of points at issue by discussion and negotiation. The Communist party pays much lip homage to unity, but visualizes it as a march over the dead political bodies of factional opponents. This is not mere political cannibalism; it is an inevitable outcome of the Communist philosophy of leadership and its function in the realization of the movement's objectives.

It is well to remember that the term Communism, in its post-war connotation, stands for a method rather than for an ideal. Socialism is used to denote the latter. In Communist Russia itself the term Socialism is used to describe the social ideal and the collectivist or state organization of life, to which the Revolution aspires. The older Socialist parties considered themselves primarily a device for spreading the gospel of the Socialist faith. The realization of ultimate aims, they believed, would come in due time, as and when capitalism would collapse under the weight of the increasingly intense and mutually annihilating conflicts of group and class interests. The function of the Socialist party was to build up an ever larger following and to evolve an organization which would be kept in readiness for the eventuality of the capitalist cataclysm. It would then use its machinery of organization, its unselfish devotion and educated orientation in social economics as the vehicle to carry society over the precipice of disintegration and into ordered freedom.

The Communist party, however, has little patience with so semi-fatalistic an attitude toward the issue of revolution. While rather half-heartedly professing a disbelief in made-to-order revolutions, it believes in the possibility of accelerating conditions that will make for revolution. As a party of action it emphasizes strategy rather than the niceties of theory, and it is intensely political. In accord with Louis Blanqui, Communism has no patience with those who "on the river bank dispute bitterly whether the other bank is a field of corn or a field of wheat, and insist on resolving this question before crossing the water. Let us go over first. We shall be able to see there." Leadership is consequently a crucial point in Communist organization, and there is no room for division of authority under a movement bent on doing things. Leadership is generalship, and membership is soldiery.

The Communists know well the disruptive force of factionalism and they bitterly oppose it. For the same reason, too, those out of power resort to factional organization, in order to defeat those in power. The Russian Bolshevist party itself originated in the pre-war factional battles of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor party. From those days, too, they inherited the indiscriminate use of slander and falsification in dealing with intra-party and factional opponents. Lenin himself declared, as far back as 1907: "It is wrong to write about party comrades who hold differing views in a manner that makes them the object of hatred, disgust and contempt among the working class. It is right and it is necessary to write in such a manner about a seceding organization. Why is it necessary? Because a split imposes upon us a duty to free the masses from the leadership of those who have seceded." A quotation from Lenin is always a court of last resort, and American Communists have rigorously observed the master's command on the point of making their opponents "the object of hatred, disgust and contempt."

There exist at present, in the American Communist movement, two factions in formal opposition

to the party. One, the older of the two, is the Trotsky faction. It goes under the name of the Communist League of America (Opposition). Its directing American leader is James P. Cannon. He is one of the founders and foremost leaders of the Communist party. He has an I. W. W. background and some little feeling for American reality, considerably offset, though, by a native inclination to span the gaps between ideas and facts with dream flights. The faction publishes The Militant, a semi-monthly eight-page magazine, which carries in nearly every issue a contribution from L. D. Trotsky, usually brilliantly written. It is the livest of all the Communist publications in this country. The other opposition faction is led by Jay Lovestone. He was an outstanding leader of the party until one year ago, when he was removed from power on orders from the Communist Internationale. His is the right-wing or Bukharin faction and it functions under a name more representative of feeling than numbers—the Communist party of the United States (Majority Group). The Revolutionary Age is the official publication of the group. Both factions refer to the party as the Stalinists.

The leaders and known members of the two factions have, of course, been expelled from the party, but the organization has by no means been purged of the Cannonites and Lovestonites. These are advised to stay in and stay quiet, until such time as a change of political weather may return their expelled leaders to grace. It is not considered a hopeful policy by either faction to waste much energy on recruiting members outside the party groups. Mr. Cannon writes:

> Where are the revolutionary American workers today? Unless we close our eyes to all reality we have to recognize that the great bulk of revolutionary workers who play an active role in the class struggle today are in the party and around the party. The party has the unquestionable hegemony in the left-wing labor movement.

Both factions have thus turned the party into a hunting ground for recruits, and the party itself, thus besieged, is incapacitated for any Communist field work. The factionalists who remain in the party openly condemn their friends and profess a discipline which they seek to undermine in secret. The corrupting influence of this performance on the performers need not be emphasized.

While the two factions largely represent policy divisions and individual groupings dating back to the first years of the movement, the present acute and violent form of the division is less than two years old in one case and one year old in the other. It came to a head in 1928, when the Stalin forces in Russia succeeded in eliminating Leon Trotsky from the Communist party and the Soviet government, but before Bukharin was shorn of his power in the Communist Internationale. In the American party, Jay Lovestone represented the then still operative political alliance of Stalin and Bukharin. The opposition group in the American party was led by Cannon and Foster, and it was to some degree oriented Trotsky-ward.

The exclusion of Trotsky from the Russian party was followed in the parties abroad by expulsions of all Trotskyists. Whether William Z. Foster was told what was coming or was given the hint to recant before it was too late is unknown, but at any rate he about faced and denounced his Trotsky-tinged associates in time and with sufficient vehemence to buy an indulgence for himself. Cannon and the others were expelled by Mr. Lovestone, acting for the Stalin-Bukharin regime. It took Stalin another year to finish Bukharin in Russia and then Lovestone was thrown out of the party in America and Foster made its head. Obviously all American divisions are "made in Moscow," but they all seek to attack the official party in American terms. Since no ultimate objectives or issues really divide them all, or even interest them, the major points of their disagreements center around leadership and strategy.

How do they formulate their differences? The Communist League, or Trotsky faction, considers the present period of history "one of capitalism in dissolution, of imperialist wars and of the Socialist revolution of the proletariat." It holds that though the Stalin regime "is based less and less on a class foundation and more and more on a bureaucratic conglomeration . . . which leads to the restoration of capitalism, probably still under the present social [Soviet] form," a process of "radicalization of the working class" is taking place everywhere. The policy of the American movement must be conditioned by this radicalization. The Communist League views the large "anti-Hoover vote" in 1928 as one manifestation, among others, of the radicalization of the masses "on an American scale and with parliamentary limitations."

The Communist League arrives at this rather interesting interpretation of the Smith "Rome and rum" vote by some such reasoning as this: what in the more class-conscious labor movements of the older countries might have been expressed by a desertion of the voters from the Social-Democratic party, and by a growth of the power and influence of the Communists, is expressed more conservatively in the United States by voting for Smith and not for Hoover. The Communist League consequently objects to the official Communist party's policy of indiscriminately lumping together all shades and manners of American liberalism, the whole of the A. F. of L., the Socialists and progressives, and to considering them all as one black reactionary mass. It objects to the party's abandonment of all activity in the old trade unions, and its transformation of the Trade Union Educational League into a mere shadow of the Communist party. The Communist League sees its own historical mission in the "struggle on an international scale against opportunism and bureaucratic degeneration of the party," and in the efforts at "uniting the inspiration

of the Russian revolution with a realistic approach to the specific tasks of the American Communists."

The Majority Group, or Lovestone faction, takes exception to the official Communist view of "the present epoch in history as one of the Socialist revolution of the proletariat," and it respects the "radicalization of the masses." This "exceptionalism" has been made the official excuse for the expulsion of the Lovestonites. In referring to "the exceptionalists," the expulsion edict cites their heretic conception: "a crisis of capitalism, but not of American capitalism; a swing of the masses to the left, but not in America; the necessity of accentuating the struggle against reformism, but not in America; a necessity of struggling against the right danger, but not in the American Communist party."

The Majority Group is not happy over such an exposé of its "unrevolutionary" orientation and it insists that it only emphasizes "the uneven development of capitalism; for instance, in the Soviet Union capitalism has received its mortal blow; in Great Britain it is in steady decline, while in the United States it is still on the up-grade." The Group says that this position distinguishes it from the Trotsky theory of "permanent revolution," whereas the Communist Internationale, after expelling Trotsky, has absorbed the extreme-left ideas of Trotskyism. The Lovestonites charge the Communist Internationale with inability to understand happenings in the United States, manifested by such statements as this: "the most numerous and up to now the most backward proletariat is now developing revolutionary activity." The Communist Internationale interpreted the strike of two thousand street-car men in New Orleans as "a sign of revolution rising before our eyes," whereas the strike was for arbitration only. The Gastonia strike was taken to indicate an uprising in the South because there were "dead, wounded, etc.," but the issue of the strike was trade unionism. In Connecticut, where there are huge munition factories, the party distributed a printed leaflet calling upon the workers to "organize into shop committees to fight the bosses' war . . . with ammunition and all that you produce." The Lovestone faction, like the Cannon faction, insists on democracy in the management of party affairs and on more realism in dealing with the issues of the daily work. Both ascribe the decline of the movement to that lack of realism. To this the party replies by quoting from the critics' previous writings and by citing their actions when they were in power, and proves that in rank opportunism and inconsistency they have all, including the party itself, been "brothers under the skin."

The fierce factionalism which devours the party's strength and efficiency is in no small measure due to the unattractive personal level of its general staff. They are nearly all people of no particular consequence and, from a revolutionary point of view, all with a damaging past to boot. The Trotsky faction charges Lovestone with having testified for the state of New York in the 1920 court trial of Harry Winitzky, Jay Lovestone et al., for which, it alleges, two indictments against him were dismissed while Harry Winitzky went to prison. To this Lovestone replies that the central executive committee of the party approved his action. The Lovestone faction hurls the charge against Foster that during the War he was selling or buying war bonds and played safe with the patrioteering trade-union officials under Gompers. Mr. Foster has no such alibi as an approval by the central executive committee of his party, except that there was no Communist party to condemn him. H. M. Wicks, editor of The Daily Worker, comes in for the accusation of "having made a renegade speech before a body of business men in Gary, Indiana, in the winter of 1920, during the height of the terror against Communists as 'a reformed Red' and 'an exposer of the Communists and the steel strike.' "

Measured in terms of personal and positive ability, Mr. Foster towers above the others in the group. He brought to the Communist party what it had needed most, actual experience in the trade-union movement, considerable administrative genius and a degree of intellectual integrity. Had Communism in this country not degenerated into a noisy commotion, Foster would most likely have been its strategic leader and respected spokesman. But he has not proved strong enough to stem the impact of moral and political collapse. By having supinely followed the party into its suicidal course of isolation from the base of the mass movement, Foster destroyed his own value. By having turned against his former position with every shift of the political policy of the Communist Internationale, though he never turned quickly enough and with sufficient adroitness to keep himself steady in the race for leadership, he has undermined whatever respect there had been on the outside for his intellectual integrity. This might have served him in good stead if and when a real radical movement superseded the present "bolshevized" aimless commotion, but Mr. Foster seemed to have preferred a bird in the hand for whatever it was worth, to a castle in the future.

The Communist movement that was launched in 1919 has by 1930 proved to be very much of a dead affair. This has happened in spite of the fact that the movement has in its course attracted a considerable number of ardent, idealistic and devoted adherents. It largely went on the rocks because of the inability of its leadership correctly to read developments and trends in American reality, and to measure up to the possibilities of the situation. There undoubtedly is room in the United States for a realistically aggressive labor movement, but obviously such a movement will not thrive on a foundation of canonized truths and canned reasoning, and under the tutelage of political puppets manipulated from a distance of 7,000 miles.

J. B. S. HARDMAN.

The Spoils System Enters College

Governor Bilbo and Higher Education in Mississippi

THEODORE G. BILBO, five feet two, scarred in the face by a pistol butt, ex-bribe-taker, Baptist preacher, lawyer, country school teacher, and the present Governor of Mississippi, swaggered out of a meeting of the board of trustees of the state university and colleges to greet the waiting reporters.

"Boys," said he, with a ring of pride in his voice, "we've just hung up a new record. We've bounced three college presidents and made three new ones in the record time of two hours." The reporters gasped. "And," continued the Governor, readjusting a diamond horseshoe pin in his flaming red tie, "that's just the beginning of what's going to happen."

Thus did Governor Bilbo, the stormy petrel of Mississippi politics since 1908, reveal the first move in his campaign to rid the state colleges of his enemies and replace them with his friends. It was his own way of proclaiming that the spoils system henceforth was to be the rule in the appointment of all state university and college officials from the presidents down to the grass cutters. It was a declaration of war upon the immunity of education from political influence and corruption, a war which has already cost 179 faculty members of the state university and colleges their positions, which has jeopardized the positions of 233 others, and which is still raging in the state of Mississippi.

The day before the Governor delivered his announcement to the press he had called Mr. Hugh Critz, who happens to be the director of public relations for the Mississippi Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York, into his office. "Mr. Critz," the Governor is reported to have asked him, "if you were elected president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, would you have any objections to the removal of faculty members and employees who have made themselves obnoxious to me?"

It is said that Mr. Critz answered in the negative. At any rate it is evident that he made no serious objections, for the next day the Governor's dummy board of trustees—it consists of two small-town dentists, a small-town bank cashier, a physician and three attorneys, with the Governor himself as chairman—elevated Mr. Critz to the presidency of Mississippi A. and M. In certain respects this appointment of Mr. Critz was not particularly unwise, for Mr. Critz knew the college well. In fact, he had struggled five long years there to pass a four-year course for his degree of B. S.

The other presidents appointed at the same meeting by the dummy board of trustees were even less distinguished than Mr. Critz. The man selected as chancellor of the University of Mississippi was Joseph Neely Powers, who had never earned a college degree and who, up to the time of his appointment, had been a small-lot real-estate salesman in Jackson. For the Mississippi State College for Women, the first state-supported woman's college established in this country, the board named Robert E. L. Sutherland, who earned his first degree at Peabody College last summer.

A few days after his appointment, the reporters called upon Mr. Critz at the power-company headquarters. He had summoned them for the purpose of breaking the news that none other than Red Cagle, who had recently married himself out of West Point, was to report at A. and M. College in September to assume the position of football coach. But this was not all that Mr. Critz told the reporters.

"Incidentally," Mr. Critz added, as a sort of afterthought when he had finished with Red Cagle, "I have just been handed a blacklist for A. and M. College which contains the names of those faculty members who are to be dismissed. Many of them are my friends and others are highly trained in their technical professions and I do not see how they are going to be replaced. I am shocked and paralyzed. Indeed, gentlemen, it has sent me through the Garden of Gethsemane."

Mr. Critz then unfolded, frankly and freely, but almost tearfully, the amazing plan of Governor Bilbo to force wholesale shake-ups in the faculty of the three major state educational institutions. This drastic action was being taken not only because the persons to be dismissed had outraged the finer sensibilities of the Governor, but also because he wished to make room for friends.

Mr. Critz's burst of loquaciousness, which was duly broadcast by the newspapers throughout the state, demoralized the ranks of the three faculties and they bombarded Mr. Critz and the trustees for information as to whether they were on the blacklists. Mr. Critz quit talking and has said nothing publicly since his Garden of Gethsemane interview.

Soon the trustees convened again, with Governor Bilbo in the chair. When they had adjourned, 112 members of the faculty at the agricultural college had been dismissed and the positions of 233 others jeopardized; more than 50 were ousted at the University of Mississippi, and 17 were dropped at the Mississippi State College for Women. The only institution to escape slaughter was the Alcorn Ag-

ricultural and Mechanical College for Negroes. The reason for this was obvious; there are no Negro voters in Mississippi to be punished or rewarded.

The first knowledge the professors received of their removal was through the newspapers, and they are still trying to find out why they were dismissed. No one has told them. All they have received officially is the statement of Governor Bilbo that it was "for the good of the service."

"I asked the legislature to give me a dictator of higher education," the Governor declared, after he had precipitated the storm of protest which is raging throughout the state. "They did not do it. I gained control of the board, and am acting as my own dictator. I have just started."

Secrecy surrounds many of the appointments. The newly elected presidents were kept waiting in an outside office while the board ripped out the old faculties and named the successors. When the changes had been made, lists were handed to the presidents. "Here is your faculty," they were told.

Moreover, none of the beneficiaries of the Bilbo generosity has any assurance of security. Their jobs may be lopped off any minute, "at the pleasure of the board." They are not even assured of a two weeks' notice. They can be fired like common laborers. So they were advised in this illuminating notice to the heads of all departments:

> Ordered, that the heads of all institutions give notice to each member of the faculty and all of their employees: that they are all subject to the pleasure of this board and to immediate discharge by the heads of these institutions for any cause whatsoever.

It is perhaps illuminating to glance at the list of trustees and instructors which Governor Bilbo's packed board appointed. We find, for example, that William Hemingway, Ph. B., professor of Law and author of "The Code of Mississippi" which has been used in the courts since 1906, was dropped. George R. Smith of Pass Christian, who never won a degree, but who managed the campaign for Governor Bilbo's candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was named in place of Mr. Hemingway. However, the storm of protest became so warm that he resigned.

Then there is a dentist—Dr. Lamar Smith, son-in-law of Governor Bilbo—who has not practised regularly since 1927, but who has been offered the post of professor of Materia Medica in the first-year class at the College of Medicine at the University.

Thomas C. Kimbrough, Ph. B., L.L.B., dean of the school of law was demoted to a professorship, being replaced by Stone Deauvors, Democratic national committeeman and political friend of Governor Bilbo.

The Governor also rewarded a number of his legislative supporters with college positions. Senator Julius C. Zeller of Yazoo City goes to the University of Mississippi as vice chancellor, a new post. Years ago Zeller was head of a college in the state of Washington. He came to Mississippi about ten years ago as superintendent of an agricultural high school, which closed its doors in a year's time. Since that time he has been farming.

Senator Hansford L. Simmons, court stenographer for seven years and superintendent of a county agricultural high school ten years ago, has been made vice president of the Mississippi State College for Women.

A young instructor in the law school at the University three years ago signed a political circular which said that a vote for Bilbo was a vote against Chancellor Alfred E. Hume of the state university. Chancellor Hume, during more than thirty years of service, had ignored politics. Governor Bilbo called upon him to repudiate the young instructor in an open letter. He declined. Chancellor Hume and the entire law faculty were ousted.

Some of the Bilbo leaders were not given teaching positions, but they won jobs nevertheless. Representative Kelley Hammond of Marion, "Young Guard" administration floor leader in the legislature, goes to the University of Mississippi as night watchman. Several senators were given assignments as proctors. One legislator drew the honorable position of "captain of grass cutters."

Perhaps the most powerful office in the state, aside from the governorship, is that of the superintendent of education. W. F. Bond, who has been superintendent since 1916, was for years the personal and political friend of Governor Bilbo. They split last year when Bond refused to help the Governor fire Joe Cook, who was then president of the State Teachers' College. Thereupon Governor Bilbo bitterly assailed Superintendent Bond, calling him "my creature," and declaring in his Fourth of July oration last year that "things have come to a hell of a pass when a man cannot wallop his own jackass." At the same time Governor Bilbo announced his own candidacy for the superintendent's office.

President Cook was always a "Bilbo man." Going to the Mississippi State Teachers' College in 1908 as its first president, he weathered every political storm until last year. Then he appeared before the legislature seeking a building fund, but he declined to take part in the Governor's fight for the creation of a state printing plant.

"I will get a president who will come to my assistance," Governor Bilbo told President Cook, brusquely terminating close ties of more than a generation. When he tried to fire Mr. Cook, the Governor discovered that the board of Teachers' College was deadlocked.

R. E. L. Sutherland, a trustee, voted for the retention of President Cook. Sutherland resigned and Governor Bilbo named Miss Minnie B. Austin in his place. She voted to oust President Cook, and out he went. Shortly afterwards Miss Austin

was made state supervisor of music, and Sutherland has been sent to Mississippi State College for Women as president.

Educators admit that the cause underlying the wholesale dismissals is bad enough, but they declare that their immediate apprehension is the effect the changes will have, first, upon the standing of the institutions in their respective professional associations and, second, the attitude of the student body.

Cancellations of enrolments of students for the approaching scholastic year have poured in at the three institutions. Of the 300 first-year enrolments at the University of Mississippi made before Bilbo's spoils system of faculty appointments was inaugurated, all but 109 withdrew.

The ruthless political slaughter of presidents, deans, professors and instructors not only aroused Mississippians all the way from Vinegar Bend to Yellow Rabbit, but the unbelievable action has arrested the attention of authorities elsewhere and presages direful days for the three colleges.

Mississippi A. and M. College receives $340,000 annually as federal aid from the United States Department of Agriculture, Mississippi being preponderantly an agricultural state. Immediately after Bilbo had made his changes in the faculty, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde notified him that some of his appointees were objectionable to the Department and that federal aid had been withdrawn. Governor Bilbo proudly refused to answer the letter and a subsequent telegram. "We will operate as long as possible without federal aid," he declared loftily, "and then all can quit at once."

Inspectors of the American Medical Association and of the Association of Southern Colleges and Secondary Schools have made searching investigations of the faculty changes. Unless the faculty personnel of the Bilbo-selected school of medicine at the University is improved, the medical association has notified the board that recognition of the medical college will be withdrawn. Meanwhile the Association of Southern Colleges and Secondary Schools is still checking the qualifications of the new faculties. Superintendent Bond, who fought strenuously against the wholesale dismissals, is admittedly dubious that the three schools will remain on the accredited lists.

If politics is at the bottom of the wholesale dismissals, then what is their political motive? There the division of opinion comes in. Is Governor Bilbo seeking to strengthen his political machine for future campaigns, or is he merely punishing political enemies and rewarding political followers?

The first theory is accepted by most Mississippians as being correct. The Governor has ambitions to go to the United States Senate. He cannot immediately succeed himself as Governor, and another election for the Senate will not take place until the fall of 1934. His present term of office expires in January, 1932, and if he is to remain in politics, Bilbo must seek a minor position next year so as better to be able to maintain his political machine in working order. The superintendency of education is the best available office.

As for the second theory, Governor Bilbo has lived a stormy political career ever since he came out of the piney woods in South Mississippi as a state senator and gained his first notoriety by confessing to the acceptance of $645 as a bribe to vote for the election of a United States Senator. Undoubtedly he has made enemies in academic circles, as in many others. Undoubtedly he was eager to replace them with henchmen of his own.

Whatever the political motive behind his actions, there is, unfortunately, no doubt of his legal power to perform them. The Governor of Mississippi still controls, dictates, ousts and replaces college trustees and professors because the statutes give him the sole right to appoint during his term the majority membership of the board that holds the state university and colleges in its absolute power. The people of the state are now demanding that these statutes be changed, but this cannot be done until the first session of the legislature to be elected next year. Meanwhile scores of distinguished educators have been treated like Democratic dog-catchers after a Republican landslide. Academic freedom in Mississippi has become a memory and a hope.

JOHN B. HUDSON.

Leda, the Lost

Was it because the breast had bruised the breast,
The ebony eye pierced into the blind brain,
That the plumed shoulder desired now to rest
On the warm earth, nor would the winged thighs strain
For ardors, nor the womb conceive again?

Though in her body there was born a bird,
Though from the flesh this arrow sped to stars,
Gleamed on the waters, and was ever heard
Singing to die and dying not, the hours
For Leda were a city without towers.

She, Leda, was more utterly cold
After that ravishment, that feathered clutch,
That caging of the winged. To hold
Song on the breast, conceiving song was much
But filled no after-pause, no waking touch.

Dark Leda stripped all naked by one blast,
Whom love would no more nest in than a tree
Uprooted from the earth within a vast
Whirling of blossoms, desired desolately
Only the love from which she was struck free!

Only the human weight, the tensing throat
That spoke no dreams, nor wished a heavenly flight,
But loved that flesh, her flesh, as a fine boat
The full-lipped waters of the rivered night,
And sailed through her toward the morning light.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Herb Workers

WHEN Elmer Durkin locked up the news and nicotine shoppe that August night, lights still burned in the Woppington drug store, so it pleased his lively fancy to drop in and annoy the proprietor.

"I'm not s'well, Chet," he told Mr. Donner. "Have you got any dope that's good for aching sides?"

By painful experience the druggist had learned suspicion, so he gave his customer nothing but a chair.

"I pulled a bad boner," Elmer said.

"I was afraid you'd make some little mistake sooner or later," the ironical pharmacist replied.

"When they camphored Cal Coolidge I thought I could give my giggle-muscles a lay-off, but this outfit is not only louder but funnier."

Mr. Donner said that the way business was lately the current administration seemed to him about as laughable as the Italian earthquake.

"Hadn't you heard the dirt about Simeon?"

"Some monkey business, I suppose," said the druggist, for he liked his wisecrack as well as the next one.

But the newsdealer seemed to be going off on a detour. The funny part was that this bird had been ballyhooed as the world's greatest picker. He might not know every little thing personally, but he would surround himself with experts and everything would be, as Elmer put it, jake. How it turned out was quite otherwise. Whatever Herbert picked proved to be a raspberry. All his appointments were disappointments. With his good memory and bad disposition Elmer named many names, including Judge Parker, who was so sour that even the Senate wouldn't swallow him.

"The worst bet of all was Huston for head of the G. O. P. National Committee, a strictly hand-picked lemon. Huston starts to spoil on Herb and he gets so bad you could notice him as far away as Baltimore if the wind is wrong. When he finally gets Clinging Claudius pried loose from the rolltop, biting and shrieking like a little soldier, what does he wish on himself but Senator Simeon D. Fess, the yeller from Yellow Springs. Simeon is the guy who is to chauf the grand old boiler for the next two years and buy Herbert a repeat order come 1932."

"I don't know Fess so very well," the reliable druggist admitted.

"Then never squawk about your tough luck again, Chet. Fess dates back to the original Ohio Gang, the mound builders. He can remember when horses had five toes. He's a superhigh tariffite and he always prays to Bill McKinley before hitting the husks. He's the fair-haired boy of the Anti-Saloon League. He tried to stick the kayo on the oil probe and he still claims that Harding and Daugherty were Heaven's gift to the Chosen People. With better than 122 million to pick from, the Great Engineers ups and sticks the oke on Simple Simeon!

"Fess wasn't one of the ground-floor investors, at that. Back in dear K. C. he was a Cal-drafter, but when that racket folded he threw in with the Hoover Happiness Boys and worked up to the open-face champion. One dark brown hour last spring Simeon warbled a Senateful of language on the Seven Labors of Herbules. Those were the only kind words the Chief ever drew there and Hoover never forgets a friend—except on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

"So now the Great Humanitarian has walked the Ohio gangplank and the Hoover liberals are left without a dog to stand on. Simeon opened the pot with a blurb on the Hawley-Smoot thing that was so lousy the G. O. Papers gave it a stickful back among the obits and the devilish Democrats played it across the board with ghoulish glee.

"What I mean, Chet, the population should throw off dull care and get its face fixed for the world's greatest street carnival and medicine show. Refined entertainment for young and old and remedies for everything that's eating at you. Parties suffering from fallen arches or bank balances should take a snifter of Jim-jam Watson's genuwine Indiana Saguaw—good for man or Democrat. You take it after meals, if any.

"Did you get a load of him a few weeks back on the Fifteen Decisive Battles? Herby wins them all. Boy! I cracked three of my best ribs!

"Jim teams up with the head man of the Congressional Committee—Wood and Watson, the Hoosier Hoofers, the act is billed. They make comical how the Grundy gouge boosted the ante on corn a quarter a throw—old man weather doesn't even get a tumble. It turns out the farmer would get rich on dollar corn if he had any corn and anybody had any dollar. A panic, what I mean!

"The bill is hot like that all through. There is Davis, the sunniest of all the Jims; he plays Cheerio in the troop. Puddler Jim says we are so prosperous we practically ache and any sap who thinks he has no meal ticket is just letting the Democrats tell him bear stories. There is old Moses as Gloomy Gus. George used to throw a wicked wisecrack, but since the London Mistreaty all he says is 'ouch.' There is Borah standing loyally behind the President and all set to deliver a swift kick. There's Mahatma Norris and his uncivil disobedience campaign. There's Ham Fish annoying the sax with his painful number, 'Ah got dem Red, Red Soviet blues.' All the show needs is Tex Guinan glad-handing the boys with 'Hello, sucker.'

"And don't forget Syndicatin' Cal and his straight-face stuff. Owning your own home is a good thing and health is better than disease and we don't all live in the country now any more—that'll give you a slant on his line. I sure get a wallop out of Calvin's nifties.

"Of course we don't know yet how strong the act will pull in the whistle stops. I hear that what with the dry spell and six-bit wheat and puny golluf, med shows and street carnies are taking a blister

out in the gee-owe spaces. New York is fussed about the high cost of milk and seats on the magistrate's bench. Illinois is throwing a beauty tilt between Ruth McCormick and J. Ham Lewis. Texas is getting the Ferguson out of its system. In California the paramount issue is, did Sister Aimee biff mother in the beezer? Up to yet the customers are sitting on their hands, but wait till this outfit gets warmed up. Believe me, these guys have talent!"

With no objection from the druggist, Elmer now prepared to take his departure.

"Chet, do you know what those grifters that peddle dope in the tank towns are called in the trade sheets?"

"Aw, Elmer, behave!"

"Yep. Herb workers."

FELIX RAY.

Romance and Romance

SITTING through "The Second Little Show" at the Royale Theater and watching this new edition of a successful last season's venture, I was astonished, even after so many failing entertainments as I have seen these past few years, to find how dull it was. Some good invention in Mr. Jo Mielziner's décor from time to time, a song or two with a modicum of hearty life perhaps, and Mr. Al Trahan's diverting arts as clown and pianist; otherwise there is not a ray of talent in the whole evening. I saw nothing but young people who could not dance, sing or act. You took them, when you took them at all, as college boys and girls—what college it would be more than hard to say—who, as the case might be, were doing their little showing off, watching each other to see when it was time to turn, bend or tramp about in those tedious figures contrived for the chorus, singing without being on the key, without voices and without wit or theatrical skill, but doing all confidently, out of their youth perhaps, sure that everyone must be glad to attend whatever they do or say.

I saw "The Second Little Show" to the very end, and decided at last that there could be but one reason for the choice of these deadly young people and these costumes of sweaters, men's suitings, girlish tunics and little collars: the public is being given something that is away from the theatrical, something every-day, plain, perhaps American. The idea, the phrase itself, may sound promising, but in any real sense it only means that more skill, vitality and stage projection than ever are needed. If, however, such a thing as this revue should be what the public does want, it only shows how much the public needs a master to lead, drive or captivate it, and what a poor promise our theater has if it follows this instinct for mere vacancy and contraceptive, flattering nothingness.

Such thoughts led me a long way afield, but directly enough for all that, to the "Romance" of Miss Greta Garbo. This performance in the talkies, by a sometimes effective player, of a play made famous over the Western world by a great artist, is the best illustration I have lately seen of that most deadly and insinuating of all the sins in art: omission. Miss Garbo has been praised with swelling words. What we see, however, is an actress sometimes very beautiful, especially when the face is still and no attempt at emotional portrayal is undertaken. It is a beauty that is very northern, the daughter of misty, moody seas, all fairness, melancholy, the long, poignant call, the northern dream, the wistful, strong, vague passion, the half-known yearning, and very little brains, variation or power. Such a beauty, taken south, might with art and strict design be that of Simonetta, Giovanni de Medici's mistress, who, they say, still shines in Botticelli's Venus, with that golden, intangible Genoese loveliness and fragile unearthly transiency in every line. We may take this beauty that Miss Garbo possesses as the key to her performance.

When we watch this new Cavallini we watch a mild story of opera life in the good old Adelina Patti days of reigning prima donnas. There is, following the conquest of Europe, the American triumph, the singer's appearance at a soirée in the house of one of her former protectors, the encounter with the young clergyman—so full of Victorian morality—his love for her, his sense of duty, her love for him, his final weakness, prevented by her appeal to him to leave her her soul, now that for the first time she knows what love is, she who was sold at sixteen, by her lover, to an Englishman for fifty lire. At the end of the play we hear the clergyman, long since the bishop, telling his grandson, who in his turn has fallen in love with an actress, of Cavallini's death, in the convent to which she had retired—how many years ago! We have had the story of a girl Magdalen, American or Swedish, gentle, wistful, mildly temperamental, more sinned against than sinning. The costumes, the black one excepted, were very bad, without stays in that period of stays and waists; the heroine's hair was done sweetly, with that erring northern soupçon that so defeats style and the world; her bouquet, even, was without formality, a mere expensive bunch of roses from a florist's, tied loosely with a bow of ribbon. The actress is given no moment where she steps out on the scene, she has naturally no sense of style or movement. The voice is sometimes dramatic but never Italian, the Italian accent and rhythm thick and absurd. There is no variety, no esprit, flash or glamor. And the acting suffers from the production itself, which is monotonously directed.

The drama comes to nothing much beyond leaving us condoning and touched, bored a little, untaxed mentally, undilated artistically, and hushed with the pressure of a vaguely dull occasion in the theater.

All this, however, is not to molest Miss Garbo with strict criticism; there could be no reason to take this edition of the famous "Romance" seriously. What I am after is a point with regard to the public. "Romance" was first played by Miss Doris Keane in 1913. In the course of the years since, it has reached this thin and pretty piece of sentiment and mild story that we see with Miss Greta Garbo, little else. If you let people alone, do nothing to compel them, to jam things down their throats, to lead their taste by your own fullness and distinction, is this what they really want, this thinness, this emptying out of all that is bitter and strong, brilliant, full, passionate and complete? Must our constant tendency in dealing with the people, in our democracy where all shall be pleased, run toward this policy of nothing in the bean, have your coffee and sleep too?

And yet the fact remains that nobody would claim for

Miss Garbo's "Romance" the chance of fame and longevity that fell to Miss Doris Keane's. The mere comparison seems gratuitous and unkind. And, no matter how much we have of the doctrine of the public's getting what it wants, it is also a fact that, exactly as, by some human cause, there have been taken away from this current production most of the life and rigor and beauty, there was given, by the same human cause, to the other "Romance" the sum of these same essences, the right nourishment of rich humanity and light. They speak for themselves, the thousands of performances that England and America saw and that audiences were dazzled and held by, through one season after another, as by no other performance in the history of the American theater. A remarkable creation had a remarkable career. In the face of these partially created things in art, people accept what they get without knowing what is left out. In the face of a complete and marvelous thing, they take it everyone according to his own lights, some for a single appeal, some for a fuller music. From all sorts of angles it is worth asking what these things were in Miss Keane's "Romance," so abundant there, so undreamt of in the "Romance" now given us.

There was the glamor of personality and generous spirit; there were wit, diablerie, quick animal sense, innocence of heart and endless variety of mind and rhythm. There was real sophistication in the Continental sense, a convincing impression of a European artist, without which the drama's story is more or less mere sentiment. Externally the impression was chic, luxurious, correct for the epoch, in every detail. Technically the walk, the gesture and movement were liquid and beautiful, always studied and perfected; the voice was the only perfect Italian tone I have ever heard in an English actor; the wit and haunting drama drawn from the Italian accent were inexhaustible. There was evident a mind by whose cultivation and free subtlety the implications possible to the situation were understood, carried much farther, and given the right stress in the whole sum of the play.

Finally the story, the perennial romance of the singer, fame, love, renunciation and so on, more or less simple otherwise, was, in this artist's hands, multiplied a hundred times, in meaning, substance, glamor; the heroine's role was wrought into solid and profound character, and dilated further into a supreme typicality. The character created was given an exhibition in all its parts, the childish whim, the impulse and caprice, the spoiled darling of fortune, the human being hurt beyond healing so early in life, the passionate instinct, the lovely persuasion, the recklessness, the generosity, full excitement, and all the other shades of character and action that served to balance the two ends of both the role and the story, so that the renunciation at the end, the convent, came not as mere popular slush but as a round result of what we had already seen. Over everything, meanwhile, the romantic light was maintained. Only now and then, from generation to generation in the theater, do we find it, but this universality and completion, in beautiful terms, of what the dramatist has written, however good or bad, is the last high distinction by which the actor's art emerges from the complex theatrical mêlée into its own full creative position.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

More Centralia Case Letters

SIR: In The New Republic of January 15, 1930, you published a correspondence between Governor Hartley of the state of Washington, and Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz, regarding the Centralia case. The Governor, in a letter to Mrs. Gartz, made the statement that "No one, who is without prejudice and familiar with the facts in the case, will contend that these men did not receive a fair trial." In reply to this, Mrs. Gartz pointed out that seven of the jurors had petitioned the Governor for the pardon of the men, making affidavit that they, the jurors, had been intimidated at the trial. Mrs. Gartz asked if the Governor considered that these jurors were not "without prejudice and familiar with the facts of the case." No reply to this inquiry was received. Recently Mrs. Gartz addressed another letter to the Governor, and succeeded in drawing from him a reply which reminds one of the old legal adage, "When you have a bad case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

Governor Hartley has not defended, and cannot defend, his statements regarding the Centralia case, but he gives an exhibition of bad manners which will enable the outside world to understand the impossibility of getting justice for these unhappy victims of class arrogance and greed.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

[ENCLOSURE]

Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz
The Cloister
Altadena, California
Dear Mrs. Gartz:

Your childish, impudent letter of May 15, regarding what you call "the innocent men confined in the penitentiary of the state of Washington," is received.

Writing to you in the endeavor to have you understand the laws of our state and what has taken place in connection with this case, is futile. You do not belong in a country of law and order. It is too bad that you can't change places with some poor soul from Soviet Russia, who would be happy to breathe the free air and participate in some of the opportunities and liberties of the average citizen in the United States. Our government is not perfect. No human agency is.

Note your prayer for "a kind of superman to guide the destinies of helpless, hopeless humanity." You need a super-something to "guide" you a bit. You spend much of your time endeavoring to destroy the faith of our people in their government and institutions and to have them look upon work, the salvation of the human race, as slavery.

I shall make bold to offer a suggestion to you which might not work out so badly. If I am correctly informed, your great fortune is the outcome of a life of labor on the part of your father. He probably worked early and late, laid awake nights, walked the floor, schemed and planned, in order that you might have a life of idleness, comfort and ease. This he accomplished, and you are what his folly brought him. If you had been obliged to work a little, as your father did, you might have been worth something to society and your country today, instead of the useless, fault-finding sort that you appear to be. My suggestion is: Find some woman who has labored hard all her life—been unfortunate for some reason or another and is empty-handed after years of honest endeavor. Give her your much despised bags of gold, enabling her to enjoy a holiday or two. Take over her job, support her family, and know the thrill of a real day's honest-to-goodness, useful labor. This exchange will do both of you good. In the meantime, quit worrying about the state of Washington and its ability to administer justice.

With good wishes,

Sincerely,

ROLAND H. HARTLEY,
Governor of Washington.

Olympia, Wash.

Governor Hartley,
Olympia, Washington
Dear Sir:

Of the many letters I receive, yours is the most insulting one. In the same mail I received a letter of thanks from the other side. There must be a reason why you, a public servant, consider it "impudent" for a citizen to appeal for justice in behalf of helpless victims of legal injustice. Eight men convicted by a jury of twelve, seven of whom have since reversed their verdict, and appealed to you to pardon these innocent prisoners—and you tell me that these innocent men were "found guilty by a jury of their peers," and that it is "futile" to try to explain to me the laws of your state, by which these men are still in jail. Neither you, nor anyone else, could make me understand the workings of such laws.

If the laws of your state sent men to jail for protecting themselves when American Legion men fiendishly attacked and mutilated and killed one of their members and went scot free, those laws are surely beyond understanding. Is it unlawful for you to pardon these men? If so, then, as you say, "our government is not perfect," and needs criticism. Nor do I need to "destroy faith in the government"; it is doing that fast enough itself.

It is true, as you say, that my father worked hard, but not true that he did so in order to make it possible for me to live "a life of idleness, comfort and ease." My father believed in work, just as I do.

Socialists do not destroy "government." They make new laws, the difference being that they make them for the benefit of the people as a whole, and not for the benefit of a few.

As to your suggestion that I "find some woman who has labored hard all her life and give her your much despised bags of gold," that seems to be my special job, and the gold has not been "despised." It was seeing women—mothers of men—on their knees at midnight scrubbing floors over which men would walk without giving the picture a single thought that made me a Socialist. The women are still doing it, perhaps in your state capitol. So, I do not need your suggestions; but you will need mine, until both men and women are free. Again I appeal to you for the pardon of these innocent victims of Centralia, and I ask again, What about those seven jurors who reversed themselves?

Sincerely,

Altadena, Calif. KATE CRANE-GARTZ.

From the Italian Embassy

SIR: May I offer some essential corrections to the article by Francesco Nitti published in your issue of August 20? Being a subscriber and a constant reader of your journal for the last few years, I have often noticed your sincere desire that no misleading statement of facts stand unchallenged. I suppose, however, that on account of your well known position on the matter it would be hardly possible for me to discuss fully, in as brief a communication as this, the opinions, prejudices and conclusions of Nitti in his campaigning against Fascism. Limiting my observations to facts, Nitti's article makes these three principal assertions:

(a) Italy has borrowed abroad beyond her capacity.
(b) The Italian budget is not on a sound basis.
(c) Italy's economic situation is not prosperous.

(a) He states that Italy has borrowed abroad during the past seven years about $600,000,000, "almost entirely" from the American market. The fact is that all the loans placed by Italy in the New York money market from 1925 to 1930 reach a total nominal value of $349,463,100. On January 1, 1930, the amount actually outstanding was $326,668,200, as a result of the reimbursement already made by operation of the sinking funds. A substantial percentage of Italian government dollar bonds and of the other loans has been bought by investors of Italian birth or descent in this country, and by Italians in Italy.

From 1923 to 1930, Italian banks, participating in the various international credit operations, have invested abroad approximately $60,000,000.

(b) The Italian budget has closed the fiscal year 1929-30 with a surplus of 151,000,000 lire. The official statement of any government as to its financial accounts is always sufficiently clear for a professional student of finance to understand. Nitti's lament that the "published reports of the budget are confused and almost incomprehensible" is tantamount to a pretty clean bill of health for our budget, because one can be quite certain that if anything were wrong, his practised eye would have ferreted it out, and his obvious animus would have led him to perform a veritable war dance over it. It's an old stratagem of such warriors as Nitti to charge their opponents with obscurity and deceit when no *specific* argument can be found.

(c) Finally, considering the general economic situation, Italy is not the sole, not even the worst, sufferer in the crisis so pronounced in every part of the world today. To take, for instance, the Italian foreign trade (one of our most important indices), we note that the adverse balance of the last seven months in 1930 was reduced to 2,897,675,812 lire, showing an improvement of 2,016,988,221 lire over the same period of last year. Furthermore, contrary to Nitti's statement, the reserve position of the Banca d'Italia is being gradually built and strengthened, so that the ratio of reserve to outstanding debts is well over 55 percent, as against the legal ratio of 40 percent.

In closing, may I inquire by what method Nitti can transform 3,000,000,000 lire of the present day into $600,000,000 (in his sixth question)? The lira today has an official gold value of 5.26 cents, and its exchange value in New York has averaged around 5.24 since the beginning of this year. Three billion lire would slightly exceed $157,000,000.

ROMOLO ANGELONE,
Commercial Attaché.

Italian Embassy, Washington, D. C.

Reading, Russia and Revolution

SIR: Who threw the bomb in San Francisco on July 22, 1916?

On August 14, 1930, Warren K. Billings sat for six hours before the Justices of the California Supreme Court under a barrage of questions on the three R's of Red radicalism: Reading, Russia, Revolution.

Reading

Do you read any books?
Have you touched any works on Socialism or Communism?
Had you met Emma Goldman at that time?
At this time had you read any of her works?
Have you ever read any of them?
At this time had you ever read any of the writings of Berkman?

Russia

Are you attached to the principles of the government of the United States?
Would you abolish property rights?
Would you establish a Soviet like Russia has?

Revolution

Are you a member of any union?
Were you ever allied with any organization having for its purpose either the bettering of labor or other social conditions?
You never belonged to the I. W. W.?
Did you ever hear about Mother Jones?
. . . Did you ever see Robert Minor before you were arrested?
Between the time you tied up the street car and the time of the sabotage, were you with Mooney all the time?
You don't mean to say there was a strike that Mr. Mooney hadn't anything to do with?
Did you hear nothing about a general strike?
Did you know Mr. Berkman was advocating a general strike?
Do you know anything about revolution?

These questions were copied verbatim from The San Francisco Chronicle.

Chicago, Ill. C. L'ESCHAL.

The Seventeenth of Sol

SIR: A New Zealand correspondent in your issue of July 16 comments interestingly on calendar reform, but fails, in my judgment, to mention the most serious objection to the proposed thirteen-month schedule. The "reform" would cut us sharply off from all historical time. In our own generation there would be utter confusion, while those who succeed us would be utterly at sea in the interpretation of events of an earlier day.

The student who reads of events under the Chinese dynasties, in the Mohammedan era, even in the short lived calendar of the French Revolution, finds the effect perplexing. With every event of our own past history involved in the same sort of confusion, requiring careful calculation and mental adjustment, matters but a generation or two past would inevitably appear as remote as the doings of the Pharaohs, obscure as the times of the Chaldeans. Those of us who do not feel that "history is bunk" agree that we should be greatly the loser by this sudden divorce without alimony from the earlier life of our country, and of the world.

It is my personal good fortune to have a January birthday, but twelve-thirteenths of all the people in the world will have to reform their lifelong impressions as to their natal days. The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, remaining in the same month, will be numbered fifteen and twenty-five. Dates at the close of the year will be pushed backward rather than forward. Will Christmas be kept at December 25, four days away from the New Year, or will the holiday week be retained and the celebration be set for December 23 or 22?

It would not be surprising to have an organized protest from the teachers of the land when once they realize the impending task of explaining why Independence Day is hereafter to be the Seventeenth of Sol.

Chicago, Ill. FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR.

Hymenken's Surrender

SIR: The Nazarene has conquered!

Such will be the mental reaction of our clerical friends of all schools of supernaturalism to the news that our great Iconoclast has submitted to the priestly rite of marriage.

The contemptuous smile can be shared equally by rector, priest and rabbi, for Mencken's surrender is a notable victory for sacerdotalism—the dominance of the Church. To me, and equally I am sure, to all his former admirers, the shock is comparable to that which anti-slavery adherents experienced at Webster's acceptance of the compromise of '50.

Whittier's lines on that historic incident seem apropos:

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn which once he wore! . . .
Revile him not—the Tempter hath a snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath, befit his fall!

With a feeling of deep regret over the self-stultification of the hitherto intrepid leader against the grotesqueries and superstitions of our time, I dismiss Mencken with the sad word—Ichabod!

New York City. BENJAMIN MACMAHON.

Divorce for Remarriage

SIR: Mr. Rubinow's article, "After Divorce—What?" [The New Republic, July 16] throws light where it was needed. He shows that the purpose of divorce is rarely to obtain freedom from marriage and even more rarely to retain at the same time the financial advantage of marriage through alimony; divorce is to gain freedom to marry someone else, or at least that is its 80 to 90-percent result.

But this conclusion raises another question. The divorce ratio keeps waxing; but does the ratio of divorced persons increase in this same measure? What percentage of the new marriages of this 80 or 90 percent of divorced persons who remarry, end in divorce? Or, putting it another way, of the marriages in the United States which terminate in divorce (25 percent according to Rubinow), what proportion is of persons previously divorced?

Perhaps further research will show that the percentage in the total population of individuals who have been divorced is today little larger than formerly, but that here is a group which makes divorce an habitual practice. May there not, then, be a breakdown not "only of individual marriages," but of lifelong "marriage as an institution" in certain social groups—probably the very groups (now better advertised) whose predecessors throughout history have freely practised divorce or its equivalents of less polite name.

If we wish to increase the probability of permanence of marriage, we ought, whatever be our policy as to divorce itself, to make remarriage—as the first step to new divorce—more difficult for those whose temperamental shortcomings as spouses have led to the dissolution of a previous marriage, and who have thus shown themselves unfit for marriage. Particularly if divorce tends to be a habit, such legislation is needed—if there is social value in lifelong marriage.

Madison, Wis. W. G. RICE, JR.

Mrs. Garnett and the Plant Quarantine Officials

SIR: A letter from Mrs. E. S. Garnett, published in your issue of August 6, makes certain unwarranted and unfounded charges against the California plant-quarantine service, and particularly against our Fort Yuma quarantine station.

The incident complained of by Mrs. Garnett occurred nearly nine months ago, and at that time a thorough and complete investigation was made by us. Affidavits and statements from numerous witnesses, including other tourists who were being inspected at the time, were obtained. The facts revealed by them are that Mr. and Mrs. Garnett made no objection to the quarantine inspection, but created such a long drawn-out disturbance and commotion over the fact that a motor-vehicle officer desired to place a visitors' permit on the windshield of their car that they were arrested by a deputy sheriff for disturbing the peace. They were taken before the justice of the peace; Mr. Garnett plead guilty and was fined. The plant-quarantine service of this state had nothing to do with the matter and was brought into it solely because these people saw fit to create their commotion at the quarantine station.

Any statement by Mrs. Garnett or anyone else that the arrest and fining of travelers is a daily occurrence, is ridiculous on its face. It isn't even a yearly occurrence. As for no redress for treatment meted out by the justice of the peace, I am no lawyer, but have always understood that any citizen has the right to appeal to a higher court if he believed he was unjustly treated in a lower court, and the fact that these people did not so appeal, would permit you to draw your own conclusions.

A. C. FLEURY,
Sacramento, Calif. Senior Quarantine Supervisor.

[Along with his letter, Mr. Fleury submitted extracts from the affidavits to which he refers, but these have been omitted for lack of space.—THE EDITORS.]

The Plant Quarantine Pestilence

SIR: I was much interested in the article "Plant Quarantines Run Wild" and the letter "California Plant Quarantine" in your issue of August 6. This pest of inspectors is rapidly spreading and now overruns a large part of the country. Its ravages have become almost uncontrollable.

I will assure Mrs. Garnett that the unlawful and unconstitutional activities of state horticulturists are not confined to California. In the state of Washington, where the supreme court decision mentioned by Professor Ferris is the loser, our horticulturists continue to act "unwarrantably and illegally" against the small citizen, though doubtless releasing the original seizure from a railroad, which led to the decision.

It would be well for the Fish Committee to study the subversive acts of state horticulturists. Also, why cannot the United States Supreme Court issue injunctions forbidding horticulturists to indulge in "unwarranted and illegal" acts?

Marysville, Wash. ARNOLD J. TAYLOR.

From a Work In Progress

Haveth Childers Everywhere, Fragment from Work in Progress, by James Joyce. New York: The Fountain Press. 72 pages. $20.

IN HIS late thirties James Joyce recast the most used of literary mediums, the novel; he recast it with "Ulysses." He is now recasting the novel more radically, and he is recasting language as the medium of writers who know that what they write should tend toward poetry.

In his late forties, then, he is engaged in the most heroic effort that is being made by any writer of our epoch. His "Work in Progress" represents that effort. It is not completed, but already it has had effect: language, writers have been shown, is evocative as well as descriptive. And narrative can be made to tell us about other than diurnal happenings. As narrative, "Work in Progress" is more like a piece of mythology than it is like a novel; it seems to me to have a likeness to that curious fragment of Central American mythology that we call the Popul Vuh. "Haveth Childers Everywhere" is the third fragment from "Work in Progress" to appear in book form: already there have been published "Anna Livia Plurabelle" and "Tales Told of Shem and Shaun."

"Haveth Childers Everywhere" is to be compared with "Anna Livia Plurabelle." The latter is about a river and about river civilizations; specifically, it is about the River Liffey. The former is about a city, about Dublin. And as the book about the river had the rhythm of flowing water, the ripple, the sweep, the still spread of the river, this third fragment has in its rhythm the blare of the city. The river was incarnated in a woman, Anna Livia; the city is incarnated in a man, H. C. E.

Considered as a man, H. C. E. is the boss man—in every situation—he is Adam, he is Abraham, he is the Duke of Wellington, he is Daniel O'Connell. In his origin he is Norse, for Dublin was founded by Vikings and Norse merchants. It was made a municipality in the interests of Bristol merchants. And so H. C. E. has the belligerency of an intruder. As he appears before us in the present fragment, he is Everyman, for he is answering to the charge that is brought against all of us—call it Original Sin or the Fall of Man. Something has happened in a garden, in the city park, and he is protesting his detachment from it. And in the course of his defense he brags of all that he has accomplished—all that Dublin has done.

James Joyce has no interest in what we call history. Long ago, in an essay which he wrote in his twenties, an essay on James Clarence Mangan that was published in his college magazine, he denied the validity of history. As he is a man whose opinions on intellectual things have never changed since he first had such opinions, it is worth while quoting from his youthful essay:

> Poetry . . . as it is often found at war with its age, so it makes no account of history, which is fabled by the daughters of memory, but sets store by every time less than the pulsation of an artery, the time in which its intuitions start forth, holding it equal in its period and value to six thousand years. No doubt they are only men of letters who insist on the succession of the ages, and history or the denial of reality, for they are two names for the one thing, may be said to be that which deceives the whole world.

But what has gone before lives. It lives in hereditary character, in typical personalities in the mind of the populace, in patterns formed in the popular mind through invasion, or expansion, or startling occurrences. In other words, history is not a denial of reality when it is known as mythology. It is mythology of this kind that we have in "Work in Progress." In "Anna Livia Plurabelle," James Joyce introduced hundreds of river names as verbs and nouns and adjectives. In this fragment, which is about the metropolis, he introduces hundreds of words derived from names in other cities to describe scenes and events—"madridden mustangs and buckarestive bronchos" appear in the last passage of "Haveth Childers Everywhere," passages that describe the city's transportation.

A rhythm which has a scriptural powerfulness bears everything along. H. C. E., who is a blusterer as well as a builder, a comic as well as an heroic character, addresses the Four who are the Justiciars before whom he is brought—they are any of the quaternities we have thought of—the Four Elements, the Four Evangelists, the Four Provinces of Ireland. He begins:

> Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we are again. I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties long out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it Owallagh Mac Auscullpth the Thord). . . . On my verawife I never was nor can afford to be guilty of crim crig con, of malfeasance trespass against parson with the person of a youthful gigirl friend chirped Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, in Kissilov's Slutsgarten or Gigillotte's Hill. . . .

A reader who is not prepared for this development in Joyce's writing will protest that these are meaningless successions of words. I can get, such a reader may say, a sense of rhythm, I can feel that somebody is talking loudly and compellingly. But what it is about I do not know. Well, the first word suggests a city; it also suggests the first man. The second sentence is a slogan—a slogan for all cities. The comic H. C. E. has begun to stutter with his "bubub brought up." The law has had its origin with the Norse Kings of Dublin whose names have become degraded in the populace-mind—Sitric Silkenbeard is one of the two. A "gigirl" is much more youthful than any youthful girl could be—we get a combination of something giggling and girlish. "Kissilov's Garden" is a park in some continental city—in Bucharest or Budapest; "Gigillotte's Hill" is a park in some German city. But why, it will be asked, has James Joyce found it necessary to use this arcane language? Briefly, because "Work in Progress" deals with the night life of humanity, that dream life which is the one-third of our mortal career. The language of the day cannot be the language of the night; another language has to be found to render this state. And, as any of us know who have caught ourselves in the stage between sleeping and waking, a number of memories and notions are imposed, one on the other, in our unwakeful condition.

Joyce finds his language in words in which a number of meanings are telescoped. We have all noted such words. Chesterton noted that Francis Thompson, when he used the phrase "pontifical death," had telescoped several meanings in the adjective: death as a priest, a viceregent, a bridge builder—all resumed in a word which carries a suggestion of majesty. But it is not the poets alone who discover words that have manifold meaning: the multitude discovers them. The boys and girls who use the word "wristwatchdog" for that small edition of a lap dog, use such a manifold: the word suggests a miniature, something that belongs to the arm, something that barks. The other day I noted that a local newspaper spoke of "our fire laddies," telescoping in the phrase "fire" and "ladders" with the young men of the brigade. James Joyce has his words

change as the situation changes. Thus, the Phoenix Park in Dublin becomes the Fiendish Park when H. C. E. offended or was framed up in it, and the Pynix Park when Athens, as one of the world's metropolises, was to give a name to H. C. E.'s city. I need not point out that in the epics and mythologies there are frequent changes in names: rivers are known to men and gods under different names; the gods have different names in their different aspects. "The young Englanders walk it every day," a wayfarer in Switzerland said to me when I asked how far a certain town was. I thought it right that the word for an Englishman walking in Switzerland should be different from the word for an Englishman walking in England.

In the medium that Joyce is establishing, poetry and humor have fresh reaches. Take the poetry of the passage which evokes the cathedral, with its bells, music and lights:

> Her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton, clashcloshant duominous and muezzatinties to commind the fitful: doom adimdim adoom adimdim: and the orgel of the lauds to tellforths' glory: and added thereunto a shallow laver to slub out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house: gospelly pewmillieu christous pewmillieu: zackbutts babazounded ollguns tararulled: and she sass her nach, chillybom and forty bonnets, upon the altarstane.

And the humor of the passage describing those direful portraits—"painted by hand" as we are always informed, but looking like photographs of wax figures that we see in provincial town halls:

> We had our lewd mayers and our lardie meiresses kiotowing and smuling fullface on us out of their framous latenesses, oilclothed over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind.

The effect that James Joyce is working for can only be realized in a complete work; he cannot achieve it by introducing such passages of poetry or humor into writing that is close to our norm. It is heroic of him and it is right on his part to make a complete departure and to put all his discoveries in an integral work. But to a man engaged in such heroic effort one might counsel prudence. It is not prudent on his part to bring into his work some private piece of knowledge or to overelaborate some element of his meaning. I fancy I detect instances of both imprudences in "Haveth Childers Everywhere." Take, for example, the description of the metropolitan cathedral already quoted. Besides all that refers to bells, music, color, anthem, there are references to local and national affairs. When he says "to tellforths' glory," one who knows Dublin remembers that the organ builders of the city are Telfords; one who knows Irish history remembers that a Norse chieftain put his wife sitting on the high altar of a cathedral, and so one gets the reference in "she sass her nach, chillybombom . . . upon the altarstane." But what has "forty bonnets" to do with this? One suspects that this is some private understanding of Joyce's. And when he speaks of "such gretched youngsters" we are delighted with a phrase that combines "Gretchen" with "wretched." But why is it elaborated by adding, to "I would not know to contact such gretched youngsters," the cryptic words, "in my ways from Haddem or any suisterees or heiresses of theirn, claiming by, through, or under them." One has to work hard to get even 30 percent of understanding of "Work in Progress." But even less than 30 percent gives one humor, poetry, a sense of mythological character, that one cannot get in any other writing of the present day.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Wilderness Madness

The Outlaw Years, by Robert M. Coates. New York: The Macaulay Company. 308 pages. $3.

THE FIRST task of the reviewer in writing of this book is to differentiate it sharply from the current journalistic concoctions in which the author sponges on history for his sensations instead of inventing them himself; and to add hastily that the tired banker needing vicarious excitement will find it here in plenty—scaled, dimensioned and interpreted by a remarkably patient and sensitive artist.

Following the American Revolution, the populations of Tennessee, Ohio, Kentucky and Mississippi increased from a little over one hundred thousand in 1790 to over sixteen hundred thousand in 1820. As Mr. Coates points out in a footnote, economic motives do not account for this astonishing movement, for during this period the East was prosperous. To achieve even a partial and tentative interpretation it is necessary to invoke a half-mystical dimension—the lure of the wilderness and the bewildering and terrible transformations it wrought upon the minds and hearts of lonely men. They were of all sorts—disgruntled soldiers, farm boys, city men, carpenters, hostlers, mechanics, desperadoes flying from justice, suspected or convicted felons, horse thieves, counterfeiters, robbers. In a steadily swelling stream they poured over the Wilderness Road, hacked their way down the Natchez Trace and floated down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Frequently they seem as devoid of civilized motivations, even of intelligible purpose, as a fated horde of locusts. In the end it is as if the wilderness retreated in dismay before the superior ferocity which itself had bred.

How convincingly Mr. Coates invokes this half-mystical wilderness madness is best indicated by a quotation:

> Like a lens constricted to a narrow focus their whole life lay within the circle of the cabin and the cowpatch: they hoed and reaped, rendered lard, ground meal on the hominy block, loved, slept, ate—"there, surrounding a skillet of grease, we sat with chunks of bread in our hands, sopping gravy, drinking milk out of the bowl with wooden ladles"—every labored gesture, like a loud noise in a narrow room, booming and reëchoing in their minds.

The author's method, explained in a brief preface to his bibliography, is here apparent: a mosaic of quotations from original sources, arranged, contrasted and interpreted, out of which emerge not merely the histories of four incredible outlaws—the Harpes, Mason and Murrell—but a firmly sketched and intensely felt pattern of the life of the period. If there is fine writing in the book—and there is plenty of it—it is strictly instrumental to the severe and ruthless quest of the imaginative truth back of these amazing human actions. For example, Big Harpe confessed that in a fit of impatience at the child's crying he had snatched up his wife Susan's baby, slung it by the heels against a large tree by the roadside and thrown it into the woods. Yet this woman and two others, one the frail blonde daughter of a preacher, followed the Harpes to the end through a long career of murder and robbery and afterwards took new husbands, settled down and raised respectable families. And Mr. Coates makes even this understandable.

The other narratives are equally bloody, incredible and well done. Mr. Coates has limited his work intelligently and worked brilliantly within these limitations. He has

left much to be done by himself or others. But a reading of the present volume should in itself be an excellent cure for many of our civilized naïvetés.

JAMES RORTY.

Curses Not Loud But Deep

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MANY PEOPLE have felt the impulse to "blow the gaff on the whole human race." A few, like Mark Twain, have threatened to do it. A few, like Jonathan Swift, have even tried. But the case is one in which not even the most brilliant attorney could hope to do more than score a few points, for the jury is very naturally prejudiced. Furthermore, it may be suspected that scoring a few points is all that our attorneys are after; if they were too successful, they would arraign themselves. For the indictment covers the whole race of human beings, and the argument cannot be kept within civilized bounds unless we stick to class distinctions, and recognize an arbitrary difference between the jury and the prisoner in the dock, between the prisoner and the prosecutor. Perhaps the defendant is only a poor stuffed guy, but where would our indictments, our criticisms, be without their man of straw?

Dorothy Parker is an able prosecutor, and one who knows the limitations of her case. No one could write with such unhappy wit, no one could manage such a savage humor, who did not feel herself a blood sister to her victims, who did not also regard them as a pernicious race of odious little vermin. Dorothy Parker is very much of our day: the thrust of her wit is apt to tickle as it wounds; her most sympathetic gesture always has some horror in it.

"Laments for the Living," her first prose book, is a collection of stories and sketches ranging from the burlesque to the grim. "You Were Perfectly Fine," a dialogue between a man with a hang-over and a girl who reconstructs for him the increasingly lamentable events of the previous evening, is uproarious. But it is on the fringes of Dorothy Parker's talent; other humorists can do this kind of thing, and pretty nearly as well. At the other extreme is the story "Big Blonde," which, in spite of having won last year's O. Henry Memorial award, seems less in character than any of the rest. It is the kind of carefully unhysterical story of an aging fat prostitute which Katherine Mansfield once did successfully, which you feel The American Mercury would like to print and never quite does, and which seems, from a writer of Dorothy Parker's peculiar talent, mainly a *tour de force*. When we come to such a dialogue as "The Sexes" or "The Mantle of Whistler," we recognize her own style: a style which is apparently compact of merely reported speech, but which has a bite, nevertheless, as individual and unmistakable as Ring Lardner's or Hemingway's.

Dorothy Parker's guys may be men of straw, but they have very human faces. We have seen them on the street, they have trod on our toes in the subway, they have kept us waiting while they discussed interminable nothings in cigar-store telephone booths. Through Dorothy Parker we have our vicarious revenge on them. An indictment that stops short of ourselves we will always applaud. We can even feel that Dorothy Parker is a satirist whose gravest sin is one of omission: there are still too many vacancies in her gallery of dunces.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Strange Music

After-Walker: The Poems of Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. 105 pages. $2.

IT IS a strange genius that these posthumous poems adumbrate, but it is clearly genius. Vibrant as are some of them with human tenderness and sensitiveness and longing, we are listening to a singer who had a vision of unearthly beauty. Now when any sensitive spirit, save the most robust, comes face to face with what never was on land or sea, there is bound to be some hurt. The glory and the gleam must fade, and then follows the inevitable collision with the world of reality. Euclid, perhaps, could look on beauty bare, but it was not a poet that set about reducing her to abstractions. For Leonard Cline the return was doubly hard. His poems sound like a man clinging desperately to that other world:

> Such stars there be; what matter then
> If one is not believed by men?

To some extent Cline's tragic life and death were doubtless one consequence of the collision. These poems are another. I know of nothing quite like them. Most of them are too unified to warrant the excision which quotation here requires. These stanzas from "Mad Jacob" may serve to indicate that this book is not in the ordinary run of minor verse:

> Right at my side she sat
> And combed her hair to dry
> Beneath the yellow moon.
> I heard her sigh.
> And "Who are you?" I asked,
> "With such soft eyes and long
> Green hair?" And she replied,
> "I? . . . I am a song.
>
> "I am your song," she said,
> "And I am very young;
> And if you love me, ah!
> Leave me unsung!
> For they that sing their songs
> Slay them as well, and never
> See them again,
> Forever."

HAZELTON SPENCER.

George Eliot

George Eliot, by J. Lewis May. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 359 pages. $5.

THIS IS a bookish life of George Eliot, undertaken in a *con amore* spirit by a writer whose love of literature, despite his protestations to the contrary, is somewhat divorced from actual adult diurnal experience. The critical point of view behind it is difficult to discern because of the opposed criteria that go to make up that point of view. In esthetics, Mr. May is constantly leaning upon Anatole France, some of whose works he has translated. Yet he seldom misses an opportunity to score a point against "rationalism"—the very rationalism that so affected France's critical loyalties. Mr. May is of the unqualified opinion that too much dabbling with philosophy, too much converse with Herbert Spencer, Frederic Harrison and others, spoiled George Eliot as a novelist. That is a very tenable thesis, but Mr. May has failed to buttress his argument. He falls back on personal preference on the

one hand, and the common consent of successive generations on the other. So, instead of any subtle discussion of the deeper relationships between morality, philosophy and the art of fiction (which George Eliot, along with other Victorian novelists, invites), we find in Mr. May's pages merely a prejudice in favor of George Eliot's work because it was part of his youth. He likes George Eliot's earlier books because of their superior freshness. That is quite understandable, but it is scarcely enough in a biography that pretends to be critical as well as factual.

As the story of a life, Mr. May's work is preferable to Sir Leslie Stephen's slim biography. The facts presented in Sir Leslie's "George Eliot" were fairly inclusive, and Mr. May has not turned up anything of importance that is not in the Stephen work. But his discussion of the effect of George Henry Lewes upon George Eliot is an advance on Sir Leslie Stephen. It was Lewes who turned George Eliot to fiction, and it was Lewes who kept her at it. Some of Lewes's criticism of "Adam Bede," for example, was unfortunate, but without his interest it is doubtful whether George Eliot would have persisted as a novelist. Mr. May misses a pertinent opportunity to quote an exchange of letters between Frederic Harrison and George Eliot on the subject of conflict in fiction.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Other Biographies

William Pitt, the Younger, by P. W. Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 347 pages. $3.

THE HERO of Mr. Wilson's biography was a miracle of precocity. At the age of twenty-three, the second son of the Earl of Chatham, who had been a member of Parliament for only eighteen months, was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. His education in mathematics at Cambridge made him one of the ablest directors of finance the British Empire has ever had. Shortly afterwards he was offered the glittering post of Prime Minister, which he declined. When he was twenty-four, he was again offered the post. This time he accepted and, with but one brief, voluntary intermission, held the office until his death nineteen years later—longer than any of his predecessors or successors.

All Pitt's life is contained in his public life. All his life he was bitterly assailed. When he came to power he headed a crumbling party. He collected the remnants and proceeded to divide the opposition. He was an astute politician, but his leadership was chiefly a matter of personal integrity and personal prestige. A man of high principles, which he held sincerely, Pitt did not always think it necessary to apply them. He allowed Wilberforce's move for the abolition of slavery to be crushed by the interests of the Liverpool traders. He resigned over the question of Catholic emancipation for Ireland and then agreed to resume office with the understanding that his liberal stand on this matter should not be pressed. Mr. Wilson has not glossed over such compromises and moral capitulations.

In order to recreate Pitt's character, his biographer has had to unravel and rewind an unusually snarled skein of politics and diplomacy. The result is a masterpiece of skillful condensation and interpretation. Without dullness and without distortion he has evoked this man, his flesh, his brain and his heart, by studying his antagonists—Fox, Burke and the wily George III at home, and Napoleon and Catherine the Great abroad. Moreover, he has successfully rebuilt the life of those important times, its pace and atmosphere and dimensions. In doing so, he has not hesitated to pause from time to time to draw attention to history's apparent repetitions. He has even found parallels in recent American politics and in Anglo-American relations. In a book as serious as this one the device is rather a novelty. Its virtue is that it gives contemporary vividness to the picture. It is curious to reflect that we have had to wait until now for an adequate, scholarly, witty biography of William Pitt.

C. A. C.

De Soto and the Conquistadores, by Theodore Maynard. New York: Longmans Green and Company. 297 pages. $3.50.

IF, AS Sherwood Anderson has declared, "song belongs with and has its birth in the memory of older things than we know," then surely our legend of "the magnanimous, the virtuous, the intrepid captain, Don Hernando de Soto" and the Mississippi, now nearly four hundred years old, is potential American song-stuff. A restless bearded adventurer, lover of a wild and rich new continent, De Soto relinquished the Spanish court and his wife and returned a second time to America, commanding five hundred men. After two years of incredible conflict with the wilderness between Florida and Missouri, they broke through the last jungle and faced the Mississippi. One year later, dying, his vision of wealth broken, his army unclothed and decimated, De Soto understood that a merely external vision could not sustain even a great Conquistador.

That Mr. Maynard, in the present volume, should have softened De Soto into a hero of the Catholic Church, is a fact to be regretted. He adds to what we know of De Soto's early maneuvers in Peru and Panama; he appreciates his hero (almost exuberantly); he amasses a bibliography. He has also discovered some startling early European pictures of the Indians. But, aside from the religious coloration of his facts, he interprets neither the character nor the significance of the explorer: this the reader must divine for himself.

J. M.

D. H. Lawrence, a First Study, by Stephen Potter. New York: Cape and Smith. 159 pages. $2.50.

HERE IS a little book about D. H. Lawrence, appropriately subtitled "A First Study"—a forerunner, as it were, of many books to follow. Of necessity, Mr. Potter is a bit hurried, breathless, in fact, and elliptical, but he is by no means dull or unintelligent. The biography he offers is a patchwork made up of quotations from Lawrence's prose and poetry. Obviously, this method of reconstructing a man's life is questionable, leading, often as not, to the rebirth of strange legends and fantasies. Mr. Potter, however, uses this material as a springboard for fresh ideas about Lawrence's manifest genius. He points out that the world of D. H. Lawrence, in less than one generation, has annihilated the half-worlds of Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. He makes the shrewd observation that Lawrence's sex propaganda had its ultimate end in silencing all drawing-room chatter about sex, and that it was Lawrence's aim to restore sex to its proper place, the human body. It seems more than likely that his survival as a novelist will depend upon the extraordinary vitality with which he endowed the personalities of his men and women, as well as his own. He is, as is emphasized by

his biographer, the very nearly perfect specimen of the romantic artist, always working at white heat, writing against time and death. Mr. Potter realizes only too well that his will not be the last word written for or against Lawrence—so much so that many of his speculations are left hanging in mid-air. Given his genuinely sympathetic point of view and his aptitude for detailed scholarship, it would be interesting to see what he could do in a complete biography of his subject. H. G.

The Business Biography of John Wanamaker, by Joseph H. Appel. New York: The Macmillan Company. 471 pages. $5.

"WORK," said John Wanamaker, "is the master key to all the doors and opportunities. The man who never quits till the work is done inevitably writes his name on the roll of winners." Half his philosophy of success is epitomized in these sentences. The other half might be represented by two excerpts from his diary, written in the depressing weeks that followed the panic of 1907: "There are brighter days, I know, folded up in the future. . . . I am learning to pray and am looking to the Father above for light and help, not altogether for the business, but to give me health and wisdom and to make me able to cope with circumstances as they arise."

Mr. Appel's account of this twofold life is really less a biography than an autobiography pieced together with some skill from the sayings of the Master—a sort of synoptic gospel, but wholly uninspired, as if St. Luke had been rewritten by Horatio Alger. The book is rhetorical and naïve; it lacks entirely that sense of humor which, in the last analysis, is a sense of proportion. No more than an occasional hint appears of the vast energy expended all about this young Titan in an age of Titans. We are left to believe that Wanamaker worked in a social vacuum. And yet the figure that emerges, once the reader has adjusted himself to the mist, is indubitably the figure of a business giant and, in emotional matters, an artist unfulfilled. J. K. A.

Notes on Novels

Shepherds in Sackcloth, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT IS ONE of the triumphs of the Oxford movement to have added a new type of literary values to English fiction. It has so enhanced the Anglican Church in institutional dignity and personal significance as to give to ecclesiastical and ritualistic differences the importance of life and death. Trollope and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and quite recently Hugh Walpole and Compton Mackenzie, have taken advantage of the esthetic appeal of an institution, the lack of which makes American religious novels seem by comparison trivial and sentimental. In her present book Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has poured the old wine of the sixteenth century from its new bottles, the church of the Tractarians. It would be hard to conceive of a novel which abounds in human interest turning upon a dispute as to the Reservation of the Sacrament for the sick. Miss Kaye-Smith has subordinated to this ecclesiastical question her rich background of country life in Sussex and Kent, and the old case of conscience in the conflict between the vocation of the spirit and the urge of the flesh. The death of young Theresa Silk through ignorance of physical life, and the death of old Mrs. Iggulsden, deprived by episcopal authority of the last sacrament of the Bread of Life, are two tragedies in the career of the rector of Delmonden. His wife is a martyr to his faith. And when, almost with his dying breath, the Reverend Henry Bennet curses his Father in God as Caiaphas, and recognizes George Heasman, the reprobate and vagabond evangelist, as his spiritual son, we realize that the old shepherd is an ecclesiastical hero. R. M. L.

The Man Who Lost Himself, by Osbert Sitwell. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. $2.50.

OSBERT SITWELL, in "The Man Who Lost Himself," has used a theme which would have been better suited to a long short story: we do not complain if a short story is a *tour de force,* but in a novel the trick may wear thin. Tristram Orlander, a famous author, has died under mysterious circumstances, which, under analysis, form a curiously complete pattern with the rest of his life. Up to the time of an unhappy love affair, Orlander had been a brilliant and precocious writer, but, in his attempt to heal his wound, he has allowed himself to become coarsened: he has lost himself. When he returns from Spain, where he has gone to recover, he surrenders to the easy success of cheap and popular books. Forty years later, he feels his youth stirring in him and goes back to Granada to write his finest work, but dies before he can begin it. The manner of Orlander's death is represented by a sort of allegory: confronted by his youth, he feels it too strong for him, and is, metaphorically, slain by it. Tristram Orlander hardly lives for us, except as a child at school; he is, rather, the subject of an essay. The painting of the picture is too thick, the wealth of illustration too heavy; the hero's figure is muffled and bound by the very means which should set it free. One wonders whether, in forswearing satire, Mr. Sitwell may not have stepped out of his own territory. It seems to be only when he can look down upon people either with contempt or with compassion that he is able to bring them vividly before us. E. F.

Contributors

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JAMES RORTY, poet and essayist, is author of "Children of the Sun."

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